TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

WE are surely living in the "midst of alarms." Night after night the cables stretching between Great Britain and Canada are loaded down with rumors of wars. One day it is the Balkans. Then comes the Austro-Servian quarrel. Austria is concentrating her troops on the Servian and Montenegrin frontiers. Russia backs down. Germany surges ahead. We read it all, backward, forward and sideways, and then wonder "where we are at." When it is all digested, however, there are just two conclusions arrived at. Either Germany is becoming a really dangerous factor in the world's political policies, or else the scribes in England are writing, not to instruct the public, but to inflame an already burning prejudice against the German people.

Nor are they satisfied, these writers, to embroil all Europe, but they must, of necessity, come over to our side of the "pond," and show how Germany has her eye on South America, and that it is only a matter of time when that Empire launches her fleet and her army in our direction. They point out that Brazil, so far as white population is concerned, is almost a German country; that Brazil has ordered her Dreadnoughts, and that the United States would of necessity be obliged to defend its Monroe doctrine. This all sounds plausible enough, provided that Germany's policy of aggression is as these writers would have it. In my humble opinion the German Emperor and his ministers are not fools, no matter what else they may be; and to stir up a nest of hornets in the shape of the United States with its almost unlimited resources and wealth, not to speak of population and its capacity for living within itself for an unlimited period, would be madness.

As to whether the Republic of Brazil, as now governed, is, broadly speaking, worth fighting for, and whether the country would not be vastly improved under the dominion of either the United States or Germany is a question. A country of vast proportions, little smaller than Canada, with resources almost unlimited, it is practically undeveloped, and will likely remain so until either the European or the North American takes a hand. Travellers tell us that upward of ninety per cent. of the people of Brazil have the blood of the negro in their veins; that the Government is little more than a farce, and that there is not an office, directly or indirectly connected with the Government, that is not loaded down with graft of every description. Boodling is a recognized factor, not one to hide behind the door, but to parade in the open daylight. Too lazy to work, one half of the population lives on the other half, and the whole, if they are able, live off the Government. Europeans, Canadians and Americans going into that country with the idea of developing its resources, electrical, mineral, agricultural, are from the first subjected to various species of graft unknown in practically all countries of the world, aside from that peculiar institution the South American republic.

To seek the best development of the broad acres of the world is the first right of man. For it Great Britain fought the late Mr. Kruger and his Boer army and took the country. For it our forefathers fought and killed the North American Indian. And so it has been from the beginning, and so it will be until the end.

The South American republics, with possibly one or two exceptions, do not call for much consideration from the world at large. They are in the way of progress. They block the line. They must move on, and whether in the interests of humanity Germany, the United States or England moves them forward, matters little.

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SLOWLY but surely we are following along commercially in the footsteps of our big cousins across the line. The latest example is a beer combine. In other words all the breweries of the province of Quebec have been organized into an immense combination with a capital of $12,000,000, and Charles R. Hosmer at its head. Some of the concerns interested in the combine have been doing business for a century or more, and have in many places left their earmarks on the history and development of the country. For instance, there is the Molson Company, of which the Hon. John Molson was at the head over one hundred years ago. The Hon. John Molson did more than brew beer. He built steamboats and was the owner of the Accommodation, the first vessel propelled by steam to navigate the inland waters of Canada. The Accommodation made her first trip from Montreal to Quebec in the autumn of 1809, and was forerunner of the gigantic traffic which was to move up and down that great waterway in the after years. The Accommodation antedated the building of the Royal William at Quebec—the first vessel to cross the Atlantic solely by steam power—by twenty-two years. Had the Hon. John Molson lived in England he would probably have received a title and his descendants would have been Lord Somebody or Other from that day to this. However, he was a plain man, a worker. He made beer, and he made steamboats, established a bank, and did a lot of other things which benefited his country, and made his name stand out in the century in which he lived.

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THE irrigation of great stretches of what has been for untold ages waste land, both in Canada and the United States, is proving one of the most important developments of the century. Some years ago the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway realized that it required but the introduction of water to these otherwise desert wastes to make the land equal to any portion of the now cultivated area of the northwest. The company is going ahead with its plans, and in the years to come millions of acres will thus be reclaimed, settled and made prosperous. The C. P. R., however, is not the only corporation to take up this important task in Canada. The Southern Alberta Land Company has in hand an irrigation project of large proportions, which when completed will water and make fit for cultivation some 400,000 acres of land. It is estimated that this work, the water to be taken from the Bow River by means of an irrigation ditch forty five miles long, will eventually involve an expenditure of a million and a half of dollars. Some idea of the difficulties of the work can be gained from the fact that in one locality the ditch will run through a cliff fifty feet high, and this for a distance of a mile and one-half.

California owes practically all its prosperity as a fruit growing country to the irrigation system. The San Bernardino Mountain range with its everlasting snows forms the base of supply for that district much as the Arctic snows emptying into the Bow River make that stream a never-failing water supply for a section of Alberta. Without the irrigation canals that part of California lying between the San Bernardino Mountains and the coast and from which we draw a great share of our oranges and other fruits, would be a desert waste.

One of the most hopeful signs in the solution of this irrigation problem is that Canada finds corporations ready to do it of their own accord, indicating that the acres to be saved are well worth the expenditure. The Dominion of Canada has not yet reached that stage of development where every tillable acre is counted as so much to the good, but that time will come, as it has in the older lands, both in Europe and in the Far East. When every possible bit of tillable land is looked after, and made to produce, then Canada will have reached the height of her prosperity.

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LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, until a few days ago Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet of the British Navy, has hauled down his flag. "Condor Charley," in his retirement from the service, bears with him the love and respect of the Anglo-Saxon nations. Not since Nelson has England given the world a sailor of Admiral Beresford's splendid energy. Men of the older generation will never forget those little incidents of the bombardment of Alexandria back in 1882. How Beresford, then in command of the little gunboat Condor drew up almost under the shadow of the heavily armed Egyptian fort, and with his little guns silenced that huge pile of heavily armed masonry; and how the famous signal, "Well done, Condor!" was flung to the breeze from the Admiral's flagship. This was only an incident in a great career, and not one, perhaps, to find a marked place in history; but still for the credit of the British navy it is bombardment of Alexandria, back in 1882. How Beresford as "an officer whose readiness of resource, and whose ability as a leader, are only equalled by his daring," and this when Lord Charles was still a captain. It is to be hoped that he returns to public life. It may be that he will give some of England's law makers a few bad half hours, for that's his way. But his way in the past has been the right way, and we may thus look upon his future with a great deal of confidence

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LORD Strathcona's munificent gift, by the aid of which it is hoped to teach the youth of Canada how to shoot straight, has brought forward the general question of compulsory military training in the schools. A military training, up to certain specified limits, would unquestionably be of great benefit to the average youth. Square shoulders and a well set up figure, a brisk walk, combined with orderliness, promptness, and a habit of obeying orders without arguing with one's superiors, are excellent assets with which to begin a business career. These are what a military training does for youth. But beyond this there is little to be said for it. Canada does not want a race of soldiers, but of workers. Every man who wears a uniform, and whose sole business is soldiering, is just so much dead wood to the country at large. In other words, the professional soldier is of the class of non-producers, and the fewer we have the better the country is off. Soldiers, like policemen, are still necessary within moderate limits, and will be up to such a time as we, along with the rest of the world, are taught that government without force is the ideal state.

At the moment there is a movement on foot in England to settle the pensioned army men of suitable age and character on land in the various colonies. For this purpose the sum of 40,000 pounds sterling is provided in this year's army estimates, the idea being for the commutation of the pensions of soldiers who may desire to realize sufficient capital to make a start in a new land. A man's soldiering days are over when in any ordinary walk of life this same man would be still in his prime, and capable of doing his best work. At forty-five or fifty a man is old for soldiering, his joints are stiffening, and he can not stand the stress of wind, weather and climate as he once could. But a man's brain at fifty should be at its zenith. He has lost the strength and impetuosity of youth, but he should have gained knowledge and experience, which if turned to account will be a precious asset for the coming of old age.

But how of the professional soldier? At what should be the prime of life he is turned loose on the world, with a pension barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. All his life he has been taught to obey without asking the whys and wherefores. If he originally had initiative he has long ago lost it. The private soldier obeys the corporal, the corporal obeys the sergeant, and the sergeant obeys his captain, the captain his colonel, and so on to the major-general in command. All this tends to make good soldiers, but at the same time produces citizens of an inferior quality when it comes to rustling in this world for the living which is due every man. The private soldier and the army captain who alike have served their years under the flag are very much of a piece when it comes to earning a livelihood in the civil walks of life. Years of training have taught them to depend upon some one else and not upon themselves, and as a consequence the ex-army man who afterward makes his mark in the world is the exception and not the rule.

The army man does all things by rote. His every act is set down in the "book." When he shall rise, when he shall go to bed. When he shall wash himself and when he shall have his dinner. It's all there. He is taught to keep his uniforms clean and his arms polished. He has no thought of the next meal beyond eating it promptly, unless perchance he happens to be the cook for the company, and if so he thinks of nothing else. He knows when to salute and when not to, and perchance he can bring a regiment into action with the best of them. But he lives by rule of thumb. He would stick his head into a hornet's nest at the command of a superior officer, but, alas, he cannot ordinarily earn his own living, as he would had he never seen the army. He has dropped out of his life by lack of use that initiative quality which makes the man valuable to himself and to the world in which he lives.

So we will watch with a good deal of interest the experiment of bringing England's old soldiers back to the land. It is worth a trial, but it is a hard job to teach old dogs new tricks, and this is what you do when you make over soldiers into farmers.

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SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S naval programme has a mushy sound. Canadians, or at least a large percentage of Canadians, if one may judge from the present agitation, favor a direct contribution to Britain, the same to be utilized in the building of one or more warships. In place of this the Premier says that the Government prefers to organize a naval service of its own, the primary object of which is the defence of Canada. Just how the working out of such a plan would help Britain and not hinder her, is still invisible to the naked eye.

You go ahead John Bull and build your Dreadnoughts. We'll construct a couple of ice breakers, another Lady Grey and a Frontenac or two. Then we will pass the whole business over to the Marine Department. Just think of the cut glass and the silverware, and the canned goods and the wet goods! Imagine the picnics we'll have on board with the Ministers and the Deputy Ministers and the "Cap." Berniers. This will be between wars. In war time we will strike for the high, dry spots. It's not warships we are going to hand Britain; it's a lemon.

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LET us hope that the Postmaster General's partially defined promise to do something toward augmenting the pay of the letter carriers and railway mail clerks takes definite shape. There is no class of men, holding equally responsible positions, so badly paid as are these carriers and mail clerks. This department, the most important in the Government from a citizen's standpoint, is to-day paying salaries which fifteen or twenty years ago would have been adequate enough, but which are to-day beggarly when the expenses of living are compared with those of years ago. The mail clerks who sort our letters and papers on board trains and the carriers who bring them safely to our homes and offices with a regularity which is surprising when the magnitude of the service is considered, are worthy of a great deal more consideration than they receive. Good weather and bad, cold or warm, rain or shine the postman is on his job. Then again the immense value of the mail handled in the course of the year in a country like Canada, and the very exceptional cases where the postal clerks and the postmen go wrong are also noteworthy, and this spirit of doing their work well and faithfully should meet at the hands of Mr. Lemieux's department every possible consideration.

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WHAT is there about street names that someone is always busy tinkering with them. Judge Winchester very properly refused the other day to countenance changes whereby it was proposed to do away with Denison square, Irwin avenue, Bellevue place, and a lot of others. There is usually a good reason for naming a street, better reasons perhaps a generation ago than we have now. Still someone is always after a change. We forget from one generation to another the historical, or perchance the sentimental associations, which these old names gather about themselves. A policeman on the beat no more than memorizes the thoroughfares in his particular neighborhood, when someone appears and wants them all done over. Perhaps he stands in with the street sign painter, I don't know. In any event, Judge Winchester did the correct thing when he refused the major portion of the proposed changes.

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ONE loves to drift into airy speculation of the things that may be. As boys and girls we dream of what we will do and be when we are men and women; and as men and women we keep on dreaming. We meditate and theorize from the beginning of our lives unto the end.

It's a pleasant and harmless pastime, for the thoughts we think and the dreams we dream in the daylight of our lives are usually expansive and constructive. We are by nature a world of optimists, and it is well. In our day dreams we build beautiful homes and lay out pleasant gardens, or perchance we fix over the world anew. Our thought edifices are always on a mighty scale, their pillars massive, their architecture colossal.

What matters it if our viewpoint is perchance twisted. We build the best we know. So this is my excuse for putting my air castle on paper, and you may dream along with me, if you will.

My dream concerns the airship of the future. Of the day when we will have the "flyer" in place of the

auto; when we have the "airship express" over land and sea, and when the grade crossing is no more. When the steel bands girdling the continent have become rusted through for want of use, or taken up and fashioned over into airship machinery. When the last locomotive has been placed on the high shelf of the world's great museum.

With the airship the Customs house has disappeared. Universal free trade has become a fact and not a fancy, for what Government can take upon itself the patrol of the air against the aerial smuggler? The boundary which separated one country from another has disappeared, and with the boundaries have gone the forts and the armies. The navies which our forefathers wrote interestingly about have disappeared forever from the seas.

From London one goes to Vienna, St. Petersburg or Berlin in far less time than it took to journey from Toronto to Ottawa in 1909. From the clouds the British channel looks but a ribbon of blue; and we laugh at the old times when men expended brain and muscle to reach those mountain peaks upon which we now look down as from a high tower to the street below.

But in the aerial age a bloody warfare has been waged. London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin and Vienna look as Messina must have looked, back there in the great earthquake year, 1909. There has been a great conference of the European powers. These aerial wars cannot go on and the nations of the world exist; and so amidst the ruins of these great cities Europe called her statesmen together. Armed with the authority of all Europe a deputation set forth in an "express flyer" for Washington. Others went on to the Far East, and so on around the world.

So it was that the world became one great concrete nation; a congress of nations, fitting into the hemispheres as do the States of the Union fit into the American Republic. An interchange of art and letters, an intermingling of the peoples, a diffusion of thought has broken down all those old questions of race prejudice, all idea that because a man's mother tongue was different from our own he was less a man.

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ISN'T it time that someone put that meddlesome old body, Carrie Nation, where she belongs? Year in and year out the newspapers devote columns to telling what Carrie has done, here, there and everywhere. First it is in America, then in Europe, and now the old pest is back in New York again. If she carried a hatchet, and did things with it for other than advertising purposes one might forgive this ingenious old crank. There is always method, however, in Mrs. Nation's madness. She is, as a matter of fact, one of the best advertisers outside of an agency, better in fact than a good many upon whose brains and ingenuity depend their everyday beef and beans. The smashing of saloon windows is with Carrie Nation a business and, it may be ventured, a good paying one. Carrie recognizes the all-important fact that to keep in the limelight is good business, at least for one whose profession is of the vaudeville variety. Saloon keepers have before now found it to their advantage to employ Carrie to smash the windows and do other damage to their saloons in order to attract attention to these resorts. No, Carrie is not such a fool as one might suppose.

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SOME bright mind has discovered a method by which a passenger in a street car may ascertain in what locality he is and have no fear of being carried beyond his destination. The contrivance is a street index, placed in a prominent position in a car and operated automatically so that a street will be announced a half block before reaching it. The names of the streets are in a roll and the necessary equipment for turning the same is a simple arrangement connected with the operation of the car itself. This, along with the pay-as-you-enter system, is something which Toronto should adopt. This city will never have a street car system thoroughly satisfactory to the citizens until these latter day contrivances are utilized. We may well pattern after New York, Jersey City, Buffalo, Chicago and Montreal in respect to the pay-as-you-enter idea. And the automatic street announcer would do away with the only bad feature now possessed by this type of conveyance.

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THE New York courts recently decided that when a man leaves his seat in a railway coach he no longer has any claim upon the same, even if he has left his baggage behind. The decision is an interesting one, for the seat hogs in public vehicles, such as railway coaches, are as prevalent in Canada as elsewhere. In this particular instance, the man who had occupied the seat left the first-class coach and went into a smoker. Returning he found another man in his seat, and a row followed which culminated in a law suit in which the court stood by the man who had "jumped the claim." The fussy passenger who now occupies a double seat in a passenger coach with everything ranging from hat boxes to bird cages, can and should be made to "move up."

THE COLONEL.

A writer in an Australian Journal says: "Public life in Australia and New Zealand has its visible limitations and perils, but it may be said with confidence about our public men as a class, and said to their honor, that they are clean-handed. They do not betray public trust, or steal public money. To realize how high in this respect is the general standard of public life amongst us we have only to compare it with that of the United States or even of Canada."

VISIT OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET TO ENGLAND.

A photograph of Admiral Litvinoff, who is bringing five ships to Portsmouth on a visit of courtesy to Great Britain. By the King's special wish the officers and sailors were entertained in London during the stay.

The April Fool.

THE joker's is a joyless job, and woe to him who spends
His talents to humiliate his own familiar friends;
For he seems to grow monotonous, and make himself *de trop*,
As you'll see from my experience of just a year ago.

I propped an axe against my brother William's bedroom door,
Then loudly knocked and slipped away—Good Gracious, how he swore!
He lost three toes, and I was blamed; but how was I to know?
If Billy was a "tenderfoot" he should have told me so.

The baby's nurse I chloroformed, and when the coast was clear
I tied a lighted cracker to the sleeping infant's ear,
I thought the sparks would wake him, and the noise would make him laugh;
But they won't forget him, anyway; they've got his photograph.

I found the luncheon waiting on the little pantry shelf,
So I sprinkled it with strychnine (I was lunching out myself),
I only used a little, as it's such expensive stuff,
But from what I hear through mutual friends, it must have been enough.

Then I went to my appointment, only stopping on the way
To stroll along the wharf and shove a stranger in the bay;
It was merely an experiment, but quite a joke on him;
For it turned out at the inquest that he'd never learned to swim.

So they've put me in a padded cell to ease my restive brain,
In a Government Asylum for the Criminal Insane;
And I've taken as my motto (this much sanity I boast):
"'Tis the Biggest Fool of all the Fools who tries to Fool the most."

REGINALD G. SMELLIE.

American Enterprise in Europe.

SATURDAY NIGHT recently published a couple of very interesting letters on life in Germany written to a relative in Toronto by a lady who is with her husband in Europe. The latter is engaged in a noteworthy enterprise, the story of which is told in the following extract from another letter by the same writer:

DUSSELDORF, GERMANY, March 10, 1909.

D—— is one of four stockholders in the American Refractories Company, which is a large fire-brick factory in Joliet, near Chicago. The bricks they make are used for lining steel furnaces. For certain kinds of their brick they use a substance called magnesite, which until quite recently has been controlled by a trust in Austria, and they have been obliged to buy from them, as magnesite is found only in Austria. About a year ago the overseer on the estate in the Austrian Alps, owned by a Prince, found some magnesite, and in some way let D—— and his partners know of it. They came here last April, and after being joined by three German capitalists, Mr. H—— for one, they went into the Austrian Alps, taking surveyors, mining experts, and a regular army of assistants. After investigation they found the most wonderful quantities of magnesite of very superior quality. They bought the mineral rights—that is the right to remove the mineral, and now comes the tremendous undertaking.

First they are building a factory in a little Austrian village called Rodenthein, where the magnesite is burnt and crushed, put into bags and shipped to Trieste in Italy, whence it is sent to America. The little village of Rodenthein is below the mountain where the mineral is, and this has to be mined and sent down in buckets on an aerial railway to the factory. The railway is ten miles long, as after leaving the factory it again carries the magnesite to the steam railway. This is one of, if not the longest, aerial railways in Europe. It is in a most primitive part of Austria, almost uncivilized, and the undertaking is one of the greatest in Europe at present. You may imagine the difficulties they have to contend with when you know that all the heavy machinery has to be taken up the mountain by oxen, that they have the laws making difficulties at every turn, and these narrow-minded people to contend with. In buying the right of way for their aerial railway they had to purchase it from over seventy people—the tenants of the dozens of little farms and again from the owners. They have to build houses for all the men on top of the mountain and to provide all their food, as they go up from the village every Monday morning and come down again on Saturday night. They have to fight with difficulties at every turn. D—— says he wonders often how they have ever had the nerve to undertake it all. The Company over here is called the Austro-American Magnesite Company, and at present they have their office here at Dusseldorf, as the Germans interested in it all live here.

Millstatt, the place where we expect to spend the summer, is a very beautiful resort and about the only place fit to live in about there. It is about eight miles from Rodenthein in the mountains on Millstatt Lake, and the hotels are very fine and the climate beautiful during the summer. The book-keeper lives in a log hut of two rooms at Rodenthein, the manager at Millstatt. D—— has come over here as managing director or general manager to see the undertaking through, as the Americans have the controlling interest. He will stay during the summer to watch the progress. The contractors are under bonds to finish the railway by the autumn. The latest difficulty has been that the aerial railway contractors have hired every horse, mule and ox to be had for miles around and now the people who supply the machinery for the factory cannot get it up. They are solving that problem by sending three large motor-cars each to carry ten tons up there, and now find that they have to strengthen the bridges to get things across. They have about five feet of snow at the mines. The weather here is becoming quite spring-like.

M. B.

Philander Chase Knox, the most interesting personality in President Taft's cabinet, was first a printer and then he studied law, coming to the bar in 1875. He was devoted to his profession, and with the exception of a four years' tenure as Assistant United States District Attorney he held no office until 1901, when he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States by President McKinley. He resigned from the Cabinet in 1904 to accept the appointment of senator from Pennsylvania, after the death of Matthew Stanley Quay. Mr. Knox resides in Pittsburg and is a member of the Lawyers' Club of Philadelphia. He is fifty-six years old.

Haydn once exclaimed when shaving, "I will give my best quartet for a razor," remarked Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie in a recent address before the Royal Institution, and a man offering him a couple secured the manuscript of what is now called the "Razor" quartet.

SUFFRAGETTES A' SUFFRAGETTING.

Group Picture of the Ladies who Recently Interviewed Premier Whitney in the Voting Interests of Their Sex. Photo Taken in Front of Parliament Building, by Milton Adamson.

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, APRIL 1.

THE following few paragraphs have to do with beer. Those who regard the subject with disdain, or as beneath their notice, need not read them, and those who are looking for arguments for or against the use of beer had better consult, instead, the pages of that little work, known to all good boys in their youth as "Ten Nights in a Barroom." The following is not a treatise on beer, but a few remarks regarding the result of the efforts put forth in Montreal to amalgamate the brewing interests of the province of Quebec.

For a year or so past there has been much talk of a brewery merger taking place in this province. Several times the rumor went forth that the merger had been accomplished, and each time it was promptly followed by the statement that it had fallen through.

It was once reported that Rodolphe Forget, M.P., president of the Montreal Stock Exchange, who was formerly on the directorate of the Union Brewery, had succeeded in bringing about a merger. Certain it is that he devoted considerable time to the project, somewhere around a year ago, and that he almost succeeded in bringing about the desired end. Negotiations, however, fell through, and the deal was declared off.

MAJOR GEORGE W. STEPHENS.

Major Stephens is chairman of the Montreal Harbor Board, head of the Canadian Rubber Company, a director in numerous other corporations, and altogether one of the busiest as well as one of the wealthiest young men in Canada.

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Marshall Tried It. — A gentleman by the name of Marshall, well known in mining circles of both Montreal and Toronto, was concerned in an undertaking of much the same nature. How far he got is difficult to say. His idea, apparently, was to bring in some of the breweries outside the province, and he probably obtained the consent of some of them to his proposals. Mr. Marshall was a most persuasive talker and exceedingly well supplied with interesting reminiscences and anecdotes of persons and places heard of but not known to the most of us. Whatever progress he may have made with the brewery merger proposition, however, we presently find the breweries carrying on business the same as before and Mr. Marshall confining his attention once more to mining operations.

Probabilities of a merger then faded away for a period and consumers of the popular five-cents-per-glass beverage were permitted to carry out their Christmas rejoicings, secure in the belief that competition and low prices would prevail during the coming year. However, felicitations had barely been exchanged before the brewery merger was again on the tapis. This time the details accompanying the rumor were such as to carry conviction that the deal was at last approaching completion. It appeared that the various interested parties had met together and practically agreed upon plans. All the breweries of the province, save Molson's, would come into the amalgamation, and Molson's would work in harmony with the big corporation. In the interests of economy, it was the intention to close two breweries in Montreal, one in Quebec and two in the rural districts. Throughout, the object of the merger was spoken of as the elimination of competition—"ruinous competition," it was usually termed. Many added, in tones of despair, that the price of beer would be advanced as a result of the combine.

⁂

Deal Was Off. About the middle of March, however, it was again announced that the deal was off: Although the various breweries had previously signified their willingness to accept the valuation of an appraisal company, when the valuation was announced the Union Brewery had found that there was some $30,000 difference between its own idea of value and the appraisal company's views on the same subject. Under the circumstances, it was considered, there was very little likelihood that the merger could be carried through.

Once more, however, dame rumor has spoken, and this time the statement bears some evidence of finality. The merger has been arranged. It is to have a capital of no less than $12,000,000, and the following companies, with their estimated value of output, are interested:

Union Breweries, Ltd.	$200,000
Dawe's Brewery, of Lachine	500,000
Dow's Brewery	400,000
Eker's Brewery	250,000
Canadian Brewing Co.	250,000
Montreal Brewing Co.	200,000
Molson's Brewery	500,000
Imperial Brewery	100,000
Rheinhart's Brewery	100,000
Boswell's Brewery, Quebec	400,000
Beauport Brewery	150,000
Ste. Therese Brewery	100,000
Total annual output	$1,350,000

The name which is now mentioned in connection with the merger, is that of Charles Hosmer. He is said to be at the head of the underwriting syndicate which has made arrangements with the Royal Trust Company to finance the amalgamation. It is not asserted that Charles Hosmer carried through the negotiations or that he was the father of the deal. At the present time Mr. Hosmer is abroad, so that recent negotiations could not have been carried on by him, no matter what part he may have played previous to going some weeks since. As a matter of fact, a meeting in connection with the merger was held in his office the day previous to his departure, and no doubt matters were furthered considerably by the persuasive C. H. on that occasion.

⁂

C.P.R. Interested.—Complications have existed for some time past between the C.P.R. and the Montreal Brewing Co. with respect to the property of the latter, the C.P.R. requiring to possess it in order to carry out their proposed extensions to the Place Viger terminals. One of the results of the merger, it is said, will be the settling of the trouble, by the sale of the property to the C.P.R. As to the arrangements for the future, it is said that there will be no change in the operation of the respective breweries. Each property will be operated under a local manager, and the product of each will be sold separately, as at present. Competition, however, will be done away with, and with it will doubtless disappear the system by which, by carrying the accounts of and practically supporting a large number of saloons, bars or other retail establishments, the various breweries were enabled to find a market for their output.

⁂

Price of Beer.—As may be imagined, a considerable shaking of heads has been going on among the licensed victuallers, it being the opinion of many of them that the price of beer will be raised and that they will henceforth be pretty much at the mercy of the brewers. Some advance the not unlikely theory that the amalgamation will be followed by a merger embracing all the breweries of the Dominion. So that the last state of the victuallers would be worse than their first. Mr. Hosmer, who is heading the underwriting syndicate, is one of Canada's most successful financiers. He is a director of both the C.P.R.—which gets the Montreal Brewing property it has been after so long—and of the Bank of Montreal—which gets the beautiful big account of the merger. Thus, the Bank of Montreal will make profits, and these profits will be paid in dividends to shareholders.

⁂

TORONTO, APRIL 1.

SECURITIES generally have been in better demand during this week. The settlement of the differences between the Steel and Coal companies has had a good effect, particularly on that class of security, but there have not been wanting signs of improvement elsewhere. The leading railway systems, the tractions and many industrial corporations continue to show increases in revenue. The clearings of banks are larger than a year ago, and although improvement in trade is rather slow, it is in the right direction. The cheapness of money is a sustaining influence in the stock market, and large amounts of securities have passed from weak into strong hands. While not altogether unexpected, the statement of the Canadian General Electric Company for 1908 was better than that of the previous year. In consequence, the price of the common rose to 110 on Tuesday, an advance of nearly 8 points on the previous sale, and within 2 of the highest price of the year. The surplus remaining, after the usual dividends on the securities, amounted to $71,325, which with the undivided profits of the previous year, makes a balance of $145,231 carried forward to profit and loss account. The total reserve fund now aggregates $1,814,763. The business of the company has picked up a good deal of late. Since January 1 more orders have been booked than during the previous six months. The capital of this company is $6,700,000, of which $4,700,000 is common stock. The old board of directors were re-elected, with Mr. W. R. Brock as president.

⁂

Only One Torontonian. At the directors' meeting of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. on Tuesday, Mr. Elias Rogers was appointed to the office of president. He is also the treasurer of the company, and the only Toronto man now holding office in the company. He is supposed to represent the J. J. Hill interest, which will dominate the business of the concern. The vice-president is E. C. Whitney, and the secretary, R. M. Young. Other directors are Col. W. P. Cluff, W. H. Robinson, Jay P. Graves, and H. B. McGiverin. The new general manager at Fernie is J. D. Hurd, while the late president, G. G. S. Lindsay, is retained as the solicitor of the company. Mr. Rogers assures us that there will be no change in the policy of the company. The demand for coal is greater than the company can at present supply, but the mines, says Mr. Rogers, will be put in a position to supply all demands. The directors who lately retired from the company are G. G. S. Lindsay, Hon. Robert Jaffray, Col. Sir Henry M. Pellatt, K.B., and E. R. Wood.

⁂

Toronto Rails. One of the best paying traction properties is Toronto Railway. It has more investors on its list here than ever before, and there is no lack of confidence as to its future operations. The expansion in the earnings of the concern seems to be highly gratifying to its shareholders and to the city, whose yearly revenue from this source is now away ahead of expectations. The average daily increase in earnings since January 1 is 973. The price of the stock is $121, as compared with $98 a year ago. There is little foundation for the report that the company contemplates a new issue of stock. They have ample funds on hand.

⁂

Rio's New Stock. There has been a set-back in the price of Rio de Janeiro shares, presumably owing to the proposed increase in capitalization. The shareholders are to meet on May 3, their consent being needed to authorize the increase of the capital stock from $25,000,000 to $40,000,000. It is proposed to issue 150,000 shares at $100 each, the proceeds to be applied for the completion of the works now on hand without the issue of further second mortgage bonds. The proposed $15,000,000 new common stock will include the $6,-

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250,000 previously arranged for by Dr. F. S. Pearson. The company has acquired the control of the Ferro Carril de Jardin Botanico, the only remaining important tramway system in Rio de Janeiro not already controlled by this company.

***

April Dividends. The dividend and interest disbursements in Canada this month will aggregate somewhat over twelve millions of dollars. Much of this money will be re-invested, and some appreciation in prices of securities may be expected. The preparations to meet these disbursements have not had any effect on the money market, so large is the supply of loanable funds. The world's principal financial centres are to-day carrying unnecessarily large reserves, and unless entirely unforeseen political complications arise, mercantile requirements will not afford employment at profitable rates for all the funds available. Under these circumstances low quotations for money are likely to rule for some time to come. Canadian banks, for instance, in February, for the lack of more profitable business, increased their investments in securities to the extent of some $16,000,000. Under such conditions the feeling is spreading that stocks must enhance in value.

***

The Gold Movement. Gold exports have ceased from New York for the present, the rates of exchange having reacted the past few days. This is partly due to the purchase of American stocks by London. The shipments of specie from America were unusually heavy this year. Since January 1 they reached the record total of $50,000,000, of which $30,000,000 represents gold. The nearest approach to this amount in a corresponding period was in 1905, when exports of specie for the first quarter reached $41,000,000. Imports, on the other hand, were light, just a little over $5,000,000, against $14,500,000 last year. The Bank of England secured the $5,000,000 South African gold which arrived on Monday, and fully as much will arrive there this week from New York, so that the bank's total reserves will be swelled to unduly high proportions. There is a possibility of a reduction in the official rate of discount from 3 per cent. by the Bank of England in consequence. For some time the open market rate in London has been below 2 per cent. Owing to the easier money conditions and more severity in the political outlook, Consols have shown great strength, closing up at the highest prices for March. The chief European banks collectively hold almost $3,000,000,000 in specie against less than $2,650,000,000 a year ago.

***

Money in Wheat. The farmers of Canada, as well as the grain dealers, have had an exceptionally good season. The demands from Great Britain for Manitoba grades, and those from Mexico for Ontario wheats have resulted most profitably to the growers and handlers of this Canadian cereal. A comparison of the average return per acre in the principal wheat-growing countries of the world, shows up remarkably well for this country. The average yield per acre in the United Kingdom is 30.85 bushels, in Germany 28.24 bushels, in Ontario province 20.42 bushels, in France 19.22 bushels, in Saskatchewan province 19.09 bushels, in Manitoba province 18.90 bushels, in Hungary 17.54 bushels, in Austria 17.34 bushels, in the United States 13.07 bushels, in Spain 12.98 bushels, in Italy 12.75 bushels, in India 11.45 bushels, in the Argentine 10.65, in Stoeria 9.83 bushels, in Russia in Europe 9.68 bushels, in Australia 9.19 bushels, and in Algeria 9.07 bushels.

It had been said that supplies of wheat in farmers' hands in Canada was unusually low, but this is not borne out by the Statistics Monthly for March. This authority states that the quantity of wheat in farmers' hands in the whole of Canada on February 28 was 20.23 per cent. of the crop of last year, which is 22,747,000 bushels left out of a total production of 112,434,000 bushels. In Ontario there were 4,550,000 bushels out of a total of 18,057,000 bushels, while in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there were 17,391,000 bushels out of a total production of 91,853,000 bushels.

In spite of the high prices a large quantity of wheat has been exported. For instance, No. 2 Ontario wheat is quoted at $1.07 to $1.08, while a year ago it was only 91c. There is not such a wide difference in the prices of Manitoba grades. No. 1 Northern is quoted at $1.13 in Winnipeg, as against $1.06½ a year ago.

A Peculiarity of Presidents.

T. P. O'CONNOR, the king of anecdotal journalists, gives us his estimate of ex-President Roosevelt in a sentence: "He is a great temperament rather than a great intellect."

Speaking of American Presidents, or rather in a broad way of all heads of democracies. Mr. O'Connor says:

It is curious, indeed, to note the fact that Presidents, as a rule, have not been men remarkable for their dominating intellect or personality. On the contrary, they have usually been somewhat colorless men. And the explanation is very simple. In all countries and in all times—and in democracies especially—the strong man has always strong enemies; the colorless man is able, on the contrary, to be all things to all men; he excites few jealousies and few rivalries; even the commonest man may flatter himself that he is not dwarfed or dominated by the colorless man. And, therefore, when it has come to the choice of a candidate for the Presidency, the strong man has usually been driven out of the field by the combination of the weak men against him; and a colorless candidate has managed to slip in between the dominating personalities who have been put forward by either one section or the other of the rival factions which exist in most parties. Daniel Webster was the greatest orator America ever produced—but he never reached the Presidency; James G. Blaine was the most popular and powerful personality in our own days until the advent of Roosevelt—but he never reached the Presidency. Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, were all somewhat inferior men; but, as the Americans put it, they got there.

Canada's Next Census.

THE New York Sun indulges in the following speculation as to what Canada's next census will show:

Canada's official census in 1911 will be a collection of vastly interesting documents. It may and probably will be a record of material development more rapid than any shown during any ten year period in the history of the United States. It will probably show an increase from 1901 to 1911 of 40 per cent. in population and it is not at all improbable that it will show even more than that. Curiously enough, the following comparison may be made: Population of the United States in 1800, 5,308,483; of Canada in 1901, 5,371,315. In 1810 the population of the United States was 7,239,881. What will be the population of Canada in 1911? From lack of records no similar comparison can be made between the Canada of to-day and the United States of a hundred years ago in the matters of total wealth and social revenue. Upon these points the Canada of to-day would undoubtedly show up with much the larger bundle.

If it were not for Canadian reports of their arrival it is probable that very few on this side of the line would know anything at all of the annual emigration of 50,000 or so Americans to this new land of opportunity.

A Kingly Act.

ONE of the finest traits in King Edward's character is his fidelity to early friendships. He seldom (so we are reminded by a writer in M. A. P.) forgets anyone who has aroused his interest. A notable instance of this occurred a short time ago. An officer of one of the regiments with which he was connected in his earlier days got into serious trouble some years ago, over certain gambling transactions. He left his regiment and disappeared as completely as though he were dead. A few months ago, however, a gentleman who enjoys a large share of the King's confidence, mentioned that the officer was living under an assumed name, in an almost destitute condition, in South London. Great was the surprise of the unfortunate man, when the next day he received a letter from a firm of well-known solicitors requesting him to call upon them, as they had good news for him. He went, and found that the good news consisted of a good round sum of money, and the offer of a small civil appointment. But the boon came too late, for the ex-army officer died before reaching his destination abroad. The kindly donor was the King, but at his express desire his name was all along kept in the background.

The New Mistress of the White House.

FEW American Presidents' wives have come to take up the onerous duties of mistress of the White House with better qualifications than has Mrs. William H. Taft. She has had a great deal of experience of public life, and is a hostess of marked ability. Her knowledge of the White House, too, is already extensive, for when she was a child she stayed there a good deal, owing to the fact that her father was the legal partner of President Hayes. Mrs. Taft is very musical, and possesses a keen sense of humor, two attributes that are indispensable in a hostess, and she is also much interested in the arts and in literature, while as a linguist she has few equals in the United States. Her favorite book, by the way, is Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

The new President owes no small amount of his great success to his clever wife, and she has always been of the opinion that he would do great things in the world. Asked some time ago (says M. A. P.) if she wished Mr. Taft to become President, she replied in the affirmative, and when questioned as to who first thought of him for the office, she replied at once:

"I did!"

"When did you think of it?" was the next question.

"When I was somewhere about sixteen," said Mrs. Taft.

Here we have a pleasing picture of a woman's devoted belief in a man; and that that man's success is largely due to her is rather to his credit than otherwise.

Cigars West of Winnipeg.

'I WANT to place myself on record as saying that a good cigar cannot be purchased west of Winnipeg for less than fifteen cents," says a writer in The Bookkeeper, "and then to be entirely candid in the matter, they're so rank that our ordinary five cent brands smoke like choice Havanas in comparison.

"There is room for 500 good cigarmakers in the three provinces, and there is room for as many more in other parts of the Dominion; but I recommend only the West, where any man who can make a good cigar to sell for ten cents will be independent within a few years.

"Medicine Hat was the only Western town in which I found first-class cigars. An American from Chicago made the cigars. He sold them for five cents each, and thousands were smoked every week. The man was making a fortune.

"Cigars are a good illustration of ordinary business methods now in vogue. You pay five cents for a certain cigar in Toronto. At Moose Jaw you pay ten cents for the same cigar, and at Calgary it costs you fifteen. If you object the prairie business man grins and says: 'Well, this isn't Toronto.' One of them said candidly to me: 'Why, sure, we make eleven cents' profit on that cigar. They get a quarter for it in Alaska.'

"Western Canada isn't Alaska. It is a network of railroads. Its freight rates, while high, are getting steadily cheaper. The business methods in the majority of towns might well be representative of those 1,000 miles nearer to the dome of the earth.

"If an army of 10,000 American business men, manufacturers and promoters should invade the Dominion West to-morrow they would do more toward its development than 1,000,000 immigrants. No three regions in the world are more prosperous than Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba. Banner crops have made the farmers independent, and each succeeding crop adds to the honey which the American business bee has not seen fit to touch."

France is trying an experiment, and the nations are looking on. France is keeping down her population, reducing her birthrate, considering the quality, as well as the number, of her citizens, says The Atlantic Monthly. The experiment is with the third child. A third living child means a large increase in population; two living children merely replace their dying parents. In France less than a third of all families have a third child. The two-child system is a national institution. Paternity and maternity on a large scale have gone out of fashion. The appearance of the third child becomes yearly less frequent. From 1801 to 1905, one hundred and five years, we have statistics of the number of children born in France. During all that period no year has produced so few children as the last.

Raisuli, who became famous as a bandit, has been appointed governor of the province of Djebala by the Sultan of Morocco. Raisuli has promised to renounce the ransom paid in behalf of Sir Harry Maclean, the sultan's adviser, whom Raisuli held as a prisoner in 1907. The new governor promises to fulfill the duties of his office honestly and not to oppose Europeans.

"Go to bed," according to Mr. Bryan's paper, is better English than "retire." Mr. Bryan doesn't have much use for the word "retire," remarks The Toledo Blade.

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, March 30, 1909.

WHILE the Albany legislators are muttering dire threats against his direct nominations bill, the Governor has opened an educational campaign in the State for the express purpose of informing the voters on the reforms he proposes. Needless to say, the plan does not commend itself to the politicians. "Why doesn't he argue his bill out with us?" they ask; "or failing that, why doesn't he act like any other governor would, under similar circumstances—send for the insurgent leaders, give the them their order and hold out as the penalty of disobedience, the banishment of their retainers from the capital, and the application of the veto to every measure necessary to their political existence?" With such tactics they are tolerably familiar and can respect. But the Governor's unorthodox method of going direct to the people, and through them bringing pressure to bear upon their legislative actions, reverses every canon of their political faith. It makes the haughty legislator the servant and the humble voter in much too real a fashion. This is an application of the principle of representative government not at all to the leaders' taste.

* * *

THE rich man who becomes garrulous and opinionative is perhaps not to blame. From the moment he gets away with enough of the sway to command respect, society lays itself out to flatter him, newspapers interview him on every variety of subject, magazines implore articles from his pen, and obsequious parsons invite him to preside at their tea meetings. In fact, the world generally is at his feet. Unless, therefore, his sense of values is phenomenal—in other words, unless he is a philosopher—this change in his relations to his fellowmen soon turns his head. A case in point is the garrulous little Mr. Carnegie, who has come to feel himself an expert on every subject from political economy to dramatic criticism. His largest role to date is Peace Arbiter of the World, in which capacity he has this week been entertaining us with his views on the British naval programme. The world's present activity in the building of "engines of destruction," he attributes to the "fatuous blunder" of the British Government in building a ship that has created a class by itself and "amounted to the revolution in naval armaments."

To this world-wide competition in Dreadnoughts, which has followed this "fatuous blunder," Mr. Carnegie opposes the suggestions, recently made through The United Service Gazette, for the co-operation of the two English-speaking peoples, Britain to guarantee the safety of American possessions in the Pacific, and "we" to guarantee the safety of British possessions in the North Atlantic. "This idea,' he says, "seems to have merits," and a far less shrewd American than Mr. Carnegie might easily be led into the same admission. This very beautiful and symmetrical arrangement, moreover, involves the possession by both nations of a powerful modern fleet—a little detail which the plan somehow ignores.

Fortunately, there are more practical if less modest workers in the cause of international peace than the Laird of Skibo. Only the other day, for instance, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs reminded the British House of Commons of the King's great services in this regard, and spoke of it as "a great national asset that our Sovereign by his presence in foreign capitals should have contributed so much to smooth relations between ourselves and neighboring countries." It seems impertinent to ask it, but perhaps the sanguine Laird of Skibo will allow us to suggest, modestly, King Edward's efforts as a factor in the realization of that millenium which, in spite of Dreadnoughts and other "fatuous blunders," he believes to be in sight.

* * *

THE best news of the week is the prospective appointment of President Eliot of Harvard to the Court of St. James. No better choice could be made, and such an appointment would also act as an offset to the compliment paid the Washington Embassy in the appointment of Mr. James Bryce to that important post. This country—probably apprehensive of the effect on democratic institutions—has not favored a permanent diplomatic service from which vacancies would be filled by promotion. No doubt its foreign relations have on occassions suffered for the want of trained diplomats. But that they have not felt its foreign relations have on occasions suffered for the more important posts such men as Lowell, Bayard and John Hay have been available. Dr. Eliot stands for the highest in American scholarship and culture, and there is little doubt that his ambassadorship will prove as distinguished and successful as that of any of these distinguished predecessors.

* * *

THE world has no doubt heard enough of Ferdinand Pinney Earle, whose "affinity" theories brought him such unenviable notoriety a year ago. This week, however, furnishes an unhappy sequel to those stormy events, which forces him once more into the limelight. The "affinity" for whom he sent away his first wife is now suing for divorce on the ground that her husband is a lunatic and was a lunatic when she married him. His arrest last summer on the vulgar charge of hitting his wife, prepared the way somewhat for the shattering of our "affinity" ideals. Nevertheless, the blow is severe.

This diagnosis of his case will be accepted as the most charitable explanation of those heterodox views on the complex question of marriage buoyantly advanced by the artist a year ago.

* * *

WHEN the news reached this side of how "An Englishman's Home," had produced something approaching panic in England, the ever-alert Mr. Charles Frohman at once cabled Mr. Barrie to ask if the piece would go in America. The reply was that the piece would go anywhere. Some of the critics who attended the premiere the other night had serious misgivings of the accuracy of this forecast in its application to New York, and in view of the pronounced local character of the offerings, these misgivings were very natural and in order. The first week's reception, however, has practically dispelled all doubts and proved Mr. Barrie the true prophet. "An Englishman's Home" is consequently likely to remain at the Criterion for some time. And it should. The piece is primarily, of course, a satirization of England's military unpreparedness, but in the development of the dramatic narrative its original intention is broadened into a very clever and agreeable satire on certain phases of the British character in general. The company is entirely English, with the result that the quality of atmosphere on which so much depends is admirably preserved. Mr. Wm. Hawtrey gives an excellent portrait of the Britisher. Nothing could exceed the humor of his expostulations with the invaders, and the height of the ludicrous is reached when he threatens them with the police.

J. E. W.

Will Ocean Steamers Run to Winnipeg?

A DESPATCH from Ottawa to the effect that engineers have learned by accident that Winnipeg can be reached by ocean steamers by way of Hudson Bay, opens a long vista of speculations. The despatch in question says:

In regard to transportation from the West by way of Hudson Bay, the totally unexpected discovery has been made that it is perfectly feasible to make Winnipeg a terminal for ocean-going steamers. John Armstrong, Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals, has sent in a preliminary report on the surveys for the proposed Hudson Bay Railway, of the two considered alternative routes to Fort Churchill and Port Nelson. These surveys so far indicate that Port Nelson may be found the better point of the two as a terminus for the railway, and the regular port of arrival and departure for ocean-going steamers. At the same time the information gathered by the various survey in the Port Nelson section shows that it would be possible to canalize the Nelson River to Lake Winnipeg for steamers of 33 feet draught. From the lake to the Red River there already is a natural channel of that depth, and by that channel and the Red River the city of Winnipeg could be reached and ocean-going steamers loaded there with grain from the West for Europe, bringing back return freight for the West. Port Nelson is open to navigation for six months in the year, and is sixty to seventy miles closer to Winnipeg than Fort Churchill. It is surrounded by a better country, capable of agricultural development. There is one drawback, however, namely, that the approach to Port Nelson from the bay is more shallow than to Fort Churchill, and would have to be deepened for a distance of ten miles, against a comparatively short distance from Churchill. The Churchill entrance, on the other hand, is practically all rock, whereas that to Nelson is sand or clay.

The World's Unhappiest Woman.

EMPRESS ALEXANDRA of Russia, the Czar's wife, is the unhappiest woman under the sun, writes a St. Petersburg newspaper correspondent. Her life is nothing more than prolonged misery, and she prays fervently for death to relieve her from the crushing burdens of her pitiable existence at the imperial court of Russia. Her fate may well excite the deep sympathy of the civilized world, for although she is a victim of that unholy system of government that still prevails in her husband's dominions, she is an innocent sufferer for the terrible wrongs perpetrated by others. The Empress Alexandra is a high-souled, liberal-minded, generous and loving woman. She is a woman of the most refined tastes and generous instincts; she loves the common people, and their sorrows appeal to her with tremendous force. She is in deep sympathy with the progressive movement in Russia and she abhors the crimes that have been committed during her husband's reign and are still being perpetrated in Russia day by day. Yet, far from being able to terminate them, she herself has been struck down and her happiness destroyed by that very system which she would gladly abolish in the interest of others. Both her mental and her physical condition are truly pitiable. She is suffering from the most extreme form of nervous depression and exhaustion. She cannot sleep and she cannot eat. The prolonged loss of appetite and systematic lack of nourishment have reduced her to a condition of physical prostration.

After the long summer cruise in the Baltic sea, undertaken primarily in the hope of restoring her health, the Czarina was so weak that she could not walk ashore, but had to be carried in an armchair. Now she rarely ventures outside the palace, but is generally wheeled about the private grounds in a bath chair. She is only thirty-six years old, but she is a complete wreck.

One Way to Pick Up a Baseball.

A RATHER novel way of picking up a baseball is shown in the picture of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie's latest piece of sculpture, published on this page. The statuette, which is to be exhibited at the Paris Salon, illustrates a feat that is popular in Scotland, where a dirk is the object to be picked up in the contorted manner

Statuette by Dr. R. Tait Mackenzie, the Well-Known Canadian Sculptor.

shown in the picture. But Dr. McKenzie preferred to use a baseball. Special interest attaches to this piece of work for Canadians, as Dr. McKenzie is a Montrealer by birth and many years of residence. For quite a while he had charge of the department of physical culture at McGill University, which he left to take his present position as physical director of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. McKenzie has studied physical culture as a science, and in this way was led naturally to take up the work of medeling figures of athletes. In this branch of sculpture he has already achieved a unique place for himself, and his name and work have become familiar in European exhibitions.

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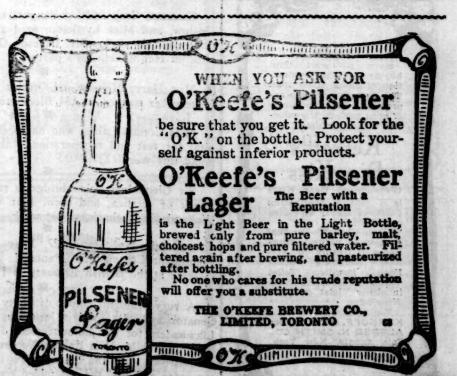

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE portrait of Lady Pellatt, which graces this column, is a recent, and also a very good one. Everyone who knows this loyal friend and generous-hearted woman appreciates as they deserve her many splendid traits. Dignified and unaffected in her manner, Lady Pellatt never loses an opportunity to be kind and thoughtful. She is a perfect hostess, a devoted wife and mother, and a friend who never changes. What higher testimonial could any woman wish or deserve than this?

Miss Ethel Baldwin gave a bridge and tea on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Max Dennistoun, who is down from Winnipeg on a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Macdonald.

On Wednesday, Mrs. J. Playfair McMurrich (Katie Vicars) gave a small luncheon in farewell to Mrs. Rathbun, who is leaving for the Old Country.

Mrs. Jack McMurrich is going abroad to visit Norway, Sweden, and other Continental countries, and finish her tour with a sojourn in Paris.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening, when the following gentlemen were invited: Hon. Justice MacMahon, Hon. Justice McLaren, Hon. Justice Britton, Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., Mr. N. W. Hoyles, K.C., Mr. John King, K.C., Professor Van der Smissen, Dr. Oldwright, Mr. Kemp of Castle Frank, Professor Mavor, Mr. J. L. Capreol, K.C., Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Mr. J. L. Blaikie, Mr. Hugh Blain, Mr. T. W. Gibson, Mr. T. O. Anderson, Judge Morgan, Mr. Herbert Mowat, K.C., Mr. W. C. Chisholm, K.C., Colonel Moodie, Mr. R. H. Hope, Mr. W. C. Hawkins, Rev. W. H. Sedgwick, Mr. William Southam, Mr. L. V. McBrady, K.C., Mr. C. J. McCabe, Rev. Dr. Eakin, Mr. J. J. Kelso, Mr. C. H. Sproule, Major Macdonald, Captain Young, Mr. Fred J. Glackmeyer, and the following members of the Legislature: Mr. A. A. Richardson, Mr. G. C. Wilson, Mr. T. G. Carscallen, Mr. J. W. Pearce, Mr. A. W. Aubin, Mr. A. Ferguson, Capt. H. A. C. Machin, Mr. G. H. Pharand, Mr. H. Morel, Mr. J. A. Ross, Dr. C. N. Anderson, Mr. G. H. Ferguson, Mr. S. J. Fox, Mr. D. R. McDonald, Mr. R. A. Norman, Mr. A. H. Musgrove, Dr. E. Jessop, Mr. G. W. Neely, Mr. D. J. McDougal, Mr. D. Reed, Mr. A. Studholme, Mr. J. S. Gallagher, Mr. W. J. Paul, Mr. J. Torrance, Mr. J. Kohler, Mr. D. Racine, Mr. J. McEwing, Mr. N. Reid, Mr. J. Thompson, Mr. T. R. Whiteside, Mr. R. H. McElroy, Mr. S. Charters, Mr. S. G. S. Nesbitt, Mr. J. J. Carrick, Mr. R. E. Truax.

LADY PELLATT

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright have gone to England.

Mrs. B. Mortin Jones, *nee* Hagarty, who was down from Lethbridge on a visit to her people, was recalled home by the illness of her husband, who had contracted pneumonia.

On Monday Lady Whitney entertained the wives of the members of the Legislature at tea, at her home in St. George street. Lady Whitney wore a white crepe gown with lace panels, and Miss Norah Whitney, who assisted, was in bisque silk with delicately tinted brown velvet trimmings. Mrs. Arthur Davies, *nee* Pyne, Miss Crawford and Miss Donovan assisted in the tea-room.

Sir A. H. L. Fraser and Lady Fraser, of Bengal, were the guest of His Honor and Mrs. Gibson at Government House this week.

Countess Grey and her daughters, with Lady Dorothy Onslow, and Miss Lyttleton, paid a three-days' visit to the Falls this week. Mr. Leveson Gower was in attendance on Her Excellency's party.

Mrs. Harry Housser, of Ottawa (Lucille Graham) is visiting her mother, at 134 Bloor street east.

Miss Connie Laing, who has been in St. John's Hospital for rest and recuperation, was well enough to get home this week.

Sir Glenholme Falconbridge is rather better from an attack of sciatica, and spent four or five days at The Welland, St. Catharines, last week.

On Saturday, March 27, Miss Ethel Greening and Lieutenant Commander Pantazzi, of Bucharest, were married at the British Embassy in Paris.

A very beautiful dinner of thirty covers was given by Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones on Monday evening at Llawhaden, for the announcement of the engagement of their only child, Miss Eallien Necora, and Rev. T. Crawford Brown. As the dinner drew to a close, the Senator arose and told the assembled company of his daughter's engagement, and Sir Mortimer Clark proposed the health of the *fiancee* in a very apropos speech. Dr. Temple, the family physician, who has known Miss Melvin-Jones since her school-days, also made a little speech, paying high tribute to her many excellences. Several others joined the paen of praise, until finally the fair *fiancee* herself was brought to her feet, perhaps, as she humorously remarked, the last time she would have a chance to speak for herself. Toronto friends of this clever and warm-hearted girl have always been included in her anniversaries, and the joyous dance which celebrated her twenty-first birthday is yet green in many a happy memory. In all her hand has found to do, whether for the pleasure or profit of others she has put an enthusiasm and vim as delightful as it is endearing. The good wishes of her parents' guests last Monday are echoed by all who know her, and she confesses herself the happier for the congratulations of her friends.

The two plays given by the Alliance Francaise on Saturday last at St. Margaret's College afforded great pleasure and entertainment to those present, and the hall was filled with lovers of the French language. The University set predominated, and the players, knowing that they were critics of discernment, did their very best to win their approval. M. St. Elmo de Champ, who is always a success in his role, was exceptionally good on Saturday. Baron Ferry also did extremely well. Miss Dickson, niece of the principal of St. Margaret's, was loudly applauded and played her role capitally, as did also Mrs. Will Rose. Mlle. Malaval and Miss Neelands took part in excellent style, and M. Paul Balbaud and several other Frenchmen lent valuable aid in making the little play "go" from start to finish. Altogether the evening was most successful, and many regretted that the Alliance Francaise did not play before a larger audience, and also play more often.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Haney, a debutante of three seasons ago, and one of the brightest and most popular girls in her set, and Dr. Howard Spohn, who was as popular with his men friends, fellow-students and Alpha Delts, before he went to Penetang to practice, was announced on Tuesday, at a luncheon given to a number of girl friends at Miss Haney's beautiful home in Rosedale. The marriage will not take place until the autumn. Dr. Spohn is doing very well in his profession at Penetang, and his little *fiancee* faces the prospect of settling down in that locality with the merry assurance of being as happy as the day is long, which has always made her the brightest person in any glad gathering. The engaged girls are having their own fun with their intimates, whom they adjure to follow their good example.

The Q. O. R. had their first march-out on Wednesday evening, with regimental and bugle bands.

Miss Elsie Keefer is visiting her relatives in Ottawa, for which place she left on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere and their family are looking forward to spring in the northern suburb with that eagerness which such true lovers of outdoors always feel. Their new home in Deer Park has a nice bit of ground, and some good vines, its late owner, Mr. Alfred Hoskin, having been one of the amateur wine-makers whose friends remember his success in that line.

Among the presentations at the Royal Drawing Room held in early March, was that of Mrs. Bertram Denison, formerly Miss Gladys Nordheimer.

The Garrison Players are getting on very well with their competition play, but I believe there are no less than a dozen other entries for the Governor-General's trophy, so that they will have to do their very best to win. Colonel Septimus Denison is enthusiasm personified and the cast is strong and determined to do him and themselves credit. They have had rehearsals in the Royal Alexandra.

At the Strollers this afternoon a good programme will be provided, arrangements for which are in the capable hands of Miss Mabel Beddoe.

The closing banquet of the Toronto Dental Society was held at McConkey's on Tuesday night when ladies were included among the banquetters. Hon. A. B. Morine gave an address on "Newfoundland," which was comprehensive and full of interesting information. Mrs. Herbert Tilley sang.

Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison and their daughter, Miss Clare Denison, are going abroad this summer. Mrs. Septimus Denison and her daughters are expected to return to Toronto shortly, and spend the heated term with Colonel Denison on their Muskoka Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Winter and the Misses Winter, of Winnipeg, are at the King Edward.

The Women's Canadian Club was addressed at four yesterday, in Conservatory Hall, by Dr. John Watson, of Queen's University, Kingston. His subject was Edward Caird: Man, Teacher and Thinker. Both the lecturer and Professor Mavor, who introduced him, were intimate friends of Caird, who was Master of Balliol College, Oxford.

Mrs. Weston Brock and her little son have gone to Montreal on a visit to Grandmama Brock.

Mrs. Arthur McMurrich received for the first time since her marriage on Thursday and yesterday in her new home in Cottingham street.

General Cotton has leased Mrs. Kemp's residence, and Mrs. and Miss Cotton will come to Toronto in Easter week.

Miss Namo Hughes will spend some time with her sister, Mrs. Charles O'Connor, in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bickford have returned from a trip to Egypt and Southern Europe.

Miss Eleanore Mackenzie has been visiting friends in Midland.

Miss Mary Tyrrell is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Gibson, in Ottawa.

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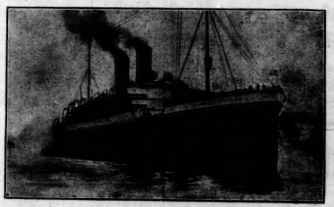

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

RECENTLY on this page reference was made to the fact that popular novel, "The Courage of Captain Plum," by James Oliver Curwood, is not simply an astonishing piece of romancing, but that it is based on a curious and almost forgotten chapter of American frontier history. It is the story of an American king. This personage, no longer than fifty-three years ago, ruled an extraordinary community on Beaver Island in Lake Michigan, not so far from Mackinac and Canadian waters. And it is strange indeed that the story of the unique kingdom was not long ago hit upon as a background for fiction by some enterprising author. The fact that it was not ought to be suggestive to Canadian writers. There is plenty of good material yet to be exploited by literary workers in this country as well as across the border. It only needs digging up.

Looking over some bound volumes of old magazines on my book shelves one night this week, I came by accident on the real story of "King James" and his kingdom, and, truly, it is "stranger than fiction."

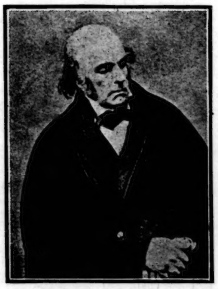
The King of Beaver Island in his plebeian days bore the name of James Jesse Strang. He was born in New York State in 1813, and, re-enforcing the ordinary education of a farmer's son by omnivorous reading, he became a lawyer at twenty-three years of age. He was shrewd, quite intelligent, eccentric and restless; and going west, he became a disciple of Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism. The remarkable career of Smith was then nearing its tragic close, and when the old leader was murdered by a mob which stormed the jail at Carthage, Ill., on June 27, 1844, no claimant of the succession to Smith was prompter or more persistent than Strang, who had become an elder of the church. Just previous to "the martyrdom of Joseph" the future king had applied for authority to "plant a stake of Zion" in Wisconsin, or, profanely speaking, to found in that state a branch of the Mormon church. And at news of Smith's death, Strang produced an epistle, alleged to have reached him from the former a few days before the murder. This writing gave details of a vision in which "the spirit of Elijah came upon" the Mormon prophet and suggested Strang as his successor. With this he was pronounced an imposter and excommunicated. But he gathered a band of devoted followers and founded a colony of his own, which later he transplanted to Beaver Island. To prove his equality with Smith, and to go him one better, he miraculously discovered on the banks of the White River a number of brazen plates in which the chronicles of the Book of Mormon were preserved in cabalistic characters. These chronicles were printed in a pamphlet bearing this title-page:

"The Book of the Law of the Lord, consisting of an inspired translation of some of the important parts of the law given to Moses, and a very few additional commandments, with brief notes and references. Printed by command of the King, at the Royal Press, St. James, A.R.I."

"The Law of the Lord" was largely in the nature of sumptuary legislation, which was enforced on Beaver Island. Here King James waxed powerful, and among other things issued a very good newspaper. The kingdom grew to number over 2,000 people, but its foreign relations were never established on a peace footing. The inhabitants thereof came to be feared and hated all along the coast of the mainland. And at last, in 1851, the United States authorities interfered. Strang was arrested, tried as a land pirate, but acquitted. Then domestic sedition followed, and on June 16, 1856, as King James went to call on the officers of the U. S. steamer Michigan at anchor in Beaver Harbor, he was shot and killed by two rebellious subjects. The kingdom did not survive the assassination of the King. Exasperated, armed men from the mainland descended upon it and broke it up, seizing the property of the faithful. It was another banishment from Acadia.

* * *

The centenary of Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," occurred on Wednesday of this week. Fitzgerald was born near Woodbridge, Suffolk, March 31, 1809, and died in 1883. He was a recluse, but acquaintance made him very lovable, and he numbered Tennyson and Thackeray among his close friends.



EDWARD FITZGERALD

Translator of Owan Khayyam's "The Rubaiyat," whose centenary was celebrated this week.

This characteristic story of Fitzgerald is revived by a writer in The Christian Guardian:

Though amiable, he was most shy. In a letter he speaks of unexpectedly meeting Anne Thackeray, "who took my hand as really glad to see her father's old friend. I am sure she was; and I was taken aback somehow; and, out of sheer awkwardness, began to tell her that I didn't care for her new novel. And then after she had left her party to come to me, I ran off!" When half-way down Piccadilly the poor man remembered his boorishness, recovered his senses, and then ran back to find her, but she was gone.

* * *

"The Straw," the novel of English sporting life by Rina Ramsay, has reached its third edition, one month after publication. Previous to the publication of this book, Miss Ramsay was absolutely unknown to readers on this side of the Atlantic. But the success of "The Straw," especially in the United States, has been remarkable. It is among the works of fiction most in demand just now at the New York public libraries.

* * *

The Macmillan Company's list of publications for the week just closed includes another volume in the series of stories from American history. "The Story of the Great Lakes," by Professor Edward Channing and Miss Marion F. Lansing; the fourth volume of Bailey's "Cyclopedia of Agriculture;" "Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief," by Professor Robert M. Wenley; "Walt Whitman," by Professor George Rice Carpenter in The English Men of Letters series; and Professor Allan Marquand's "Greek Architecture."

* * *

Arthur Granville Bradley, author of "The Making of Canada, 1763-1815," whose portrait appears on this page, is an English writer of considerable note. He was born in 1850, and in 1872 began writing for the magazines. Since then he has contributed regularly to a number of the leading English reviews and monthly periodicals, and has written a number of volumes, chiefly historical. Mr. Bradley spent the year 1873 in Canada and then bought a plantation in Virginia, where he lived for a dozen years, paying many visits to Canada, where he had a large number of friends and relatives. In 1886 he returned to England, but has always been interested in Canada and the United States. Mr. Bradley spent most of the year 1902 in Canada and wrote "Canada in the Century," published in England. The year previous he had published his "Fight with France for North America," to which his present volume is a sequel. "The Making of Canada" is published by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto.

It may be added that Mr. Bradley was the author of "Lord Dorchester" in Morang's "Makers of Canada" series, and of "The History of Canada" in "Harmsworth's History of the World," now coming out in numbers.

* * *

The Macmillan Company will very shortly bring out a new novel by Frank Danby. It will be entitled "Sebastian," which is the name of the hero of the book, Sebastian Rendall, who, at Eton, grows impatient of school and gives up his work there to grapple with his father's problems. Sebastian's mother is, however, an important character, almost the chief one; and the awakening of the woman through her mother love may be considered the main theme of the story. It is suggested that in writing "Sebastian" Frank Danby was drawing largely upon her own life for material.

* * *

Count Okuma recently gave a garden party to sixteen hundred guests to celebrate the publication of the first volume of the "Japanese Encyclopædia." Dr. Inouye Tetsujiro, one of the compilers told those assembled how the work had been in preparation for nine years, at the hands of two hundred and thirty-nine scholars. He said it would be completed in seven volumes of about one thousand pages each, embracing more than one hundred thousand subjects.

* * *

Elinor Glyn, whose novel, "Three Weeks," caused a sensation some time ago, has sent portions of the manuscript of her new novel, "Elizabeth Visits America," to her American publishers, Duffield & Company. "Elizabeth," explains Mrs. Glyn, "is a person who never fights windmills, or sees things in any other light but just as they actually are. Do not think that she is going to find fault with all Americans—she will presently see numbers of things to admire—but no picture of a country is good unless it shows all sides just as she saw England's and France's peculiarities when she wrote to her mother of them. All of her party (as all English aristocrats do when they go to America) will find a greater bond of sympathy and understanding between themselves and the sporting population of the West than anywhere in the East; but that is such a fact that I cannot alter it, so I hope they won't be offended and will understand that no offence anywhere is meant in the book. There are no actual portraits—though types are evolved from groups." HAL.

EXCURSION TO BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND POINTS.

Boston, Mass., $16.20; Springfield, Mass., $14.45; Palmer, Mass., $14.75; Worcester, Mass., $15.45; So. Framingham, Mass., $16.00. From Toronto, via Montreal: Good going Thursday, April 8. Through Boston sleeper leaves Toronto 9 a.m. Return limit April 22, 1909. Full information at Grand Trunk City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, phone main 4209.

EASTER HOLIDAY RATES.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will sell return tickets, between all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur, at single fare, for the Easter holidays. Tickets are good going April 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, returning until April 13.

A. G. BRADLEY

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P. V. MEYER

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. MACGILLIVRAY KNOWLES, whose portrait appears in the column, is an artist whose work is yearly taking on new importance, quality and significance. At a recent exhibition here, her picture was one of those selected by the Government committee of purchase to be taken to the Capital. Mrs. Knowles is hostess on Saturday evenings in one of the most unique and delightful studio homes in Canada, and her unaffected kindliness and great talent blend to win and charm her guests. A great modesty about her own work and a cheerful interest in others, with much judgment and breadth of appreciation make her a willing friend and helper to all her friends and students.

The engagement of Miss Eallean Melvin Jones, only child of Hon. Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, and Rev. T. Crawford Brown, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, King street, was announced at a small dinner given at Llawhaden on Monday evening. Both the young people have hosts of friends and are receiving good wishes from far and near. I hear that their marriage is arranged to take place in June.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Dora Elizabeth Benson, daughter of Rev. Manly Benson, D.D., of St. Catharines, and Dr. William Arthur Meighen. The ceremony will take place in Welland avenue church, St. Catharines, on Easter Monday at half past four o'clock, and a reception will follow in the lecture room of the church. The bride's father will perform the ceremony, and the bride's attendants will be Miss Emily Mohr, of Ottawa, as maid of honor, and Misses Julia Benson and Isabel Meighen as bridesmaids. The color tone of the gowns, flowers and decorations will be white and gold. Mr. M. Starr Benson will bring in his sister and give her away, and Mr. J. Meighen will be best man. A number of Torontonians, connections and friends will go over to St. Kits for the happy event.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Miss Frances Marjorie Arnoldi, second daughter of Mr. Frank Arnoldi, and Mr. Erskine Douglas Warren, son of Mr. C. D. Warren. The ceremony will take place on Wednesday of Easter week at half past two, in St. George's church, with a reception afterwards at 37 North street, the home of the bride's parents.

The engagement of Miss E. Madele Pearson, fourth daughter of Mr. Edwin Pearson and Mr. Lewis Montbrooke Brophy, of Montreal, is announced. Their marriage will take place early in June.

On Friday, February 26, Mrs. Austin gave a large farewell tea at "Spadina" for her sister-in-law, Mrs. G. A. Arthurs, who left for Europe on Tuesday. The fine day with a bright sun, made the trip to Davenport Hill a real pleasure, which was completed by the very pleasant hour in the beautiful precincts of Mrs. Austin's home. where she and her fair daughter and assistants gave most cordial welcome and kind attention to several hundred guests. As Mrs. Arthurs will be away for some years, the farewells and good wishes were additionally earnest, and she will be much missed by a large circle of friends. The tea table was particularly pretty, done with lilies large and small, and green ribbons, Miss Austin, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Miss Baldwin, Miss Cooke and Miss Skill were in charge, and some charming music was provided by Miss Bertha Crawford, a clever vocalist, and Miss Muriel Millichamp, who played her violin. Miss Grace Smith, the English pianist, was among the guests; others were Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Lady Edgar, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. and Miss Alexander, of Bon Accord, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Aemilius Baldwin, Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Suydam, Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop. Mrs. Victor Cawthra, looking very well indeed, in an eminence gown, was also bidden au revoir before starting with her mother for a year's absence.

Canadians are lingering in the south until Easter this year and at St. Augustine, many of them plan to remain until after the first of April in order to enjoy the historic pageants of the celebration of the discovery of Florida by Ponce de Leon in 1512. nearly a hundred years before the occupation of Quebec. Mr. D. M. Hamilton, of Hamilton, is at the Hotel Alcazar, where Mrs. J. D. Ashdown and party of Winnipeg, are paying a second visit this season on their return from Ormond. Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Simpson, of Toronto, have taken rooms there for an extended stay and Mrs. W. D. Lummis and Miss Jessie Lummis are Toronto arrivals at the same hotel. At the Ponce de Leon are registered Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Backus, of Hamilton, and Miss Carter and her sister, Mrs. Charles F. Kingdon, still tarry there. They received a visit last week from Mr. George Jay Gould, of New York, who brought his family to Jacksonville to start a cruise on his yacht "Atlanta" through southern waters. Mr. E. H. Popham, of Toronto, is at the Ponce de Leon with Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Cooke, of Montreal. Lady Clifford, of Chudleigh, is with Mrs. Poultney Bigelow and Miss Bigelow here, after a visit at Palm Beach and several Toronto people are expected this week from southern resorts.

MRS. MACGILLIVRAY KNOWLES.

Miss Margaret George, who has been visiting Mrs. Mayno Davis, of Ottawa, has returned home.

The ladies in charge of the fund being raised for Mrs. Neville, formerly of Rolleston House, Toronto, desire to express their thanks to the old pupils for their kindness in contributing, and trust yet to hear from many whose address have not been able to obtain and who may see this notice.

The engagement is announced of Miss Janie E. Caesar, only daughter of Dr. George S. Caesar, Grosvenor street, to Mr. Robert John Acheson, of Goderich. Their wedding will take place this month.

Mrs. George Herriman, of New York, is with her mother at the Alexandra. Mrs. Sam Herriman is also visiting Mrs. Strange. A number of friends who admired the former as Miss Alice Ward, will welcome her again to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthes with their daughter, are returning from Seabreeze, Florida, visiting St. Augustine, Baltimore, Washington, and New York on the way.

I regret very much that indisposition prevented my enjoyment of this production, to which I had been looking forward, but perhaps abler critics have assured me that it was indeed a treat, and one they thoroughly enjoyed. The President of the Banner Branch, Mr. E. S. Williamson, took a minor part in the play, with his usual thoughtful and clever acting.

Mr. Edmund Morris had a large crowd at his opening night of an exhibition of Indian portraits, curios and very handsome Indian work in heads and embroideries which quite fills the gallery of the Canadian Art Club. The portraits are indeed wonderfully convincing, and should be seen by everyone interested in the aborigines, of whom they are lifelike pictures, strong, stern and savage. Poor old Mrs. Crowsfoot, the widow of the great chief of that name, is the only lady in the lot, huddled in her blanket the aged squaw looks anything but suggestive of a triumphant suffragette, but she actually was, having her place at the council board and a voice in all its decisions and discussions. The exhibition gains much from the presence of Mr. Morris, who tells about his various sitters, and their peculiarities in a most entertaining and convincing manner. Every student and school girl in the city should be taken to this exhibition, which will yearly increase in value as the truthful presentation of types of a rapidly vanishing race. There are two huge dressed buffalo hides on the inner surface of which two great chiefs have recorded the story of their lives, wars, victories and scalpings, in the quaintest of crude drawings. At the opening Mr. Byron Walker gave a very good address on the importance of preserving these pictures and said some nice things about the government for having risen to the occasion and purchased Mr. Morris' last set of pictures and hoping they would also secure these and complete the collection. The exhibition will remain open until April 17.

The production of "Little Nell" (an adaptation of Dickens' famous tale, The Old Curiosity Shop), by the Dickens' Fellowship Players, was met with such enthusiasm by the public that an extra performance had to be given on Saturday of last week. The part of the grand-father was taken by Mr. Bell-Smith, who was also the author of the adaptation, in a most artistic and touching manner, delighting everybody. Miss Walters as The Marchioness, was in her element, and also took her part in The Cricket on the Hearth, on the two evenings on which it was presented. The Fellowship Players are all good and their new triumph was richly deserved.

Mrs. Harris Hees and her little daughter are going to New York on Monday to visit Mrs. Good. Mr. Hees will join them later and spend a holiday on the seashore.

Sir Daniel and Lady MacMillan with their daughter, Mrs. T. D. B. Evans, were in Toronto this week en route from the south to Government House, Winnipeg.

There will be no Horse Show this year. Even the open air show in June has been called off and lovers of the gees are in great regret over the shutting off of the first of the Post-Easter smart events. However, if things go on with Hymen as they bid fair to do, we shall have little time to do more than buy wedding gifts, drink healthr and throw rice.

An exceedingly interesting exhibition is on in the new galleries, La Plaza, of all sorts of handicraft and arts, including book binding, wood carving, modeling and painting on canvas and china. The members of the Art Association are coming on, as their exhibits pleasantly testify.

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We keep in closest style-touch with Paris and New York, and our own clever designers are sufficiently original to evolve new things continually.

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"APRIL FOOL!"

By LESTER RYAN

(Written for the Toronto Saturday Night.)

"But What Made You Do It?" He Asked.

"AW, say, Snipesy, what yer mopin' about? Come on, and get into de game."

"Soapy" Higgins was in distinctly good humor, as befitted the great First of April, and "Snipesy" Moran's dejection was a jarring note. To encourage him with substantial evidence of a friendly interest in his welfare, he threw at him the scarred remnant of the piece of wood he was whittling.

It struck "Snipesy's" leg as he sat on the floor of the loft, throwing his knife into the planking with vicious emphasis. "Snipesy" paid no attention. Therefore "Soapy" threw another piece, as in honor bound to get some recognition. And then another, and another. The other boys—there were half a dozen of them—looked on with languid interest.

"Cut dat out!" Snipesy finally growled, throwing a surly glance from his corner. "If you had been licked twice to-day already you wouldn't feel so fresh. I ain't had no dinner neither."

"Well, what did yer take de old girl's purse for?"

"What did I take it for? Well, I like dat—an' you were de guy what said fer us to do dat old string trick. Of course it was all right, all right fer you. It weren't your mother's purse."

The sarcasm of Snipesy's tone was elaborately cutting. But talking soothed him and he went on.

"An' how was I to know dat old stiff would be onto de game? I t'ought he was goin' to reach down and try to pick it up, but before I could pull it away he puts his foot on de cord and pulls de purse off an' puts it in his pocket. An' den you fellers wouldn't help me get it. Oh, youse a nice lot of pals, you is!"

"Aw, what could we do anyway? Did yer t'ink we could go an' lick de old geezer? You tried to get it, an' you know what yer got, don't yer? A good smack on de side of de head."

"Aw, shut up!" Snipesy couldn't think of any more conclusive argument, and so went on jabbing his knife into the floor, while the other fellows got together to think up some more grand April Fool schemes.

Soapy Higgins—so-called for a particularly shiny and solemn expanse of countenance—had a fertile brain; and he always came out strong at those meetings of "de gang" in Billy Smith's hay-loft. He simply radiated suggestions now from his throne on a bale of hay. Plans of every description, from such old and well worn expedients as putting a brick under an old hat to the breathless hardihood of calling out the town's primitive fire department, all took easy shape in this master mind. But the mishap with Snipesy's purse made the boys cautious. The schemes that weren't too stale were too risky for their taste.

"Say, let's go into old Carlton's garden after dark to-night," Soapy finally proposed, "and moo like a lot of cows. He'll t'ink it's Lacy's herd broke in again an' he'll come tearin' out wit a stick to drive 'em off. An' den we'll have de laugh on de old geezer."

The expansive grins on every side showed that this plan met with the favor of the meeting, but before they could definitely commit themselves to it, Snipesy sprang to his feet and came forward aggressively.

"No ye' don't, Soapy! No, ye' don't! You leave old Carlton's garden alone. He ain't bothered you none, an'—an'—you leave him alone, dat's all!"

"Aw, what ye' givin' us? We ain't goin' to do no harm. We just want to fool de old bloke. Dis ain't Easter Sunday!"

"Well, ye' ain't goin' to do it, just de same."

"We ain't, eh? Who's goin' to stop us?"

Soapy was growing warm in defence of his latest plan.

"Never mind who. But ye' ain't goin' to."

Snipesy's tone was determined, and Soapy took up the implied challenge. He came out from the group and stood in front of the glowering Moran.

"What ye' goin' to do—peach on us?"

"Naw, I ain't."

"Well, what then?"

"Never you mind."

This was a particularly irritating thing to say, and Soapy grew bellicose.

"Are you lookin' fer a scrap?" he enquired with hostile intent, at the same time putting himself in a position of defence.

But Snipesy had had about enough of "scrapping" for one day. So he made no reply.

"I s'pose ye t'ink I don't know why yer stuck on de old man, eh?" continued Soapy in a sneering tone. "It's because when he caught ye' in his garden last summer swipin' some of his flowers he didn't lick ye. Cry-baby! Cry-baby! Ye' blubbed to him an' he let ye' go, an' told ye' if ye wanted flowers to come to him for 'em."

Snipesy took a long breath and shut his fists tight. He longed to jump at Soapy and pummel his glossy countenance. But he was not in his usual spirits, and he knew Soapy to be rather heavier metal. So he stood there motionless, squeezing his lips tight to prevent the tears coming. Not that he was afraid, but the tears were apt to come when he got excited.

"Aw, run away home, baby," said Soapy finally, walking back to his seat on the bale with a triumphant grin to his confederates.

Snipesy went back to his corner and sat down and tried to renew his interest in his knife and the floor. But the altercation had affected his spirits and that of the whole party. After a few minutes of forced jollity on the part of "de gang," someone proposed a game of cross-tag on some vacant lots near-by, and they all trooped noisily out, leaving Snipesy like a stricken member of the pack.

Snipesy lay there for a while, but the silence became oppressive, and he, too, slipped out into open air. But he took a different direction from that of "de gang," whose shouts he could plainly hear. He strolled along whistling shrilly, as an act of necessary self-assertion after his recent humiliation, and was led almost unconsciously to old Carlton's garden.

It was an old-fashioned place on the outskirts of the little town—a quaint brick cottage surrounded by trees and covered with ivy, set down in the midst of a perfect wilderness of bushes and shrubs and flower-beds of all kinds. In the spring and summer it was a glorious place, full of riotous color, but now it was brown and dingy and strewn with dirty straw and mulch after the winter. Snipesy looked through the evergreen hedge surrounding the garden, and saw the presiding deity of the place in an old brown coat and a battered hat bending over some bushes. He was getting ready for spring, and there was the sharp click of pruning shears. The tall lean old man straightened himself up every now and then to rest, and stood with his head thrown back scenting the spring breeze like an old hound. But he never saw Snipesy, and the boy didn't advertise his presence. For an instant he had thought of going in and "peaching." But that would have been the unpardonable sin, and he couldn't go back on "de gang." He must find some other way. But he was resolved on one thing, and that was that Soapy Higgins should not carry out his plan. He had acted as a sort of guardian of the place ever since that day Mr. Carlton had caught him stealing flowers and had forborne to make base use of his advantage. And he had come to have a kind of proprietary interest in the garden, all unknown to its owner.

Snipesy stood a long time watching the old man, but evening and incipient pangs of hunger finally reminded him of home and mother—and her slipper. He went off to supper, determined to slip back here as soon as it was over. He had no plan of action in view, beyond that of waiting to see what would turn up.

"So this is you, eh?" said his mother when he came in. "Been up to some more fool tricks, I s'pose. Well, I'll teach you not to make free with other people's belongin's. Take your supper now and off to bed with you. I'll have no more monkey shines to-night."

"Aw, say, maw—"

"What! Are you goin' to give me back-talk?" and she raised up a hand like a ham. "Eat your supper there—and not another word out of you."

Snipesy ate it, with an appetite that gave every evidence of the beneficial effect of missing a meal. Then he lounged about drowsily like a young boa-constrictor after a gorge. But he was keenly alert all the time and was racking his brain for a chance to get away. Mother, however, was also alert, and the chance was slow to come. The minutes flew as he sat in the corner of the kitchen, and it seemed to his anxious eye that the clock hands jumped from number to number.

"Say, maw," he finally ventured, "I promised Mrs. Baker I'd go a message for her."

"Where to?" She looked around from the dish-pan.

"Oh, I dunno—she just said a message."

"No, sirree, not this blessed night!"

Another long pause, while Snipesy did some heavy thinking. He suddenly sprang to his feet and listened intently.

"What's the matter now?"

"I thought I heard the fire reels. I'll go and see, if you like," and he jumped for his cap.

But mother caught him by the coat-collar with a soapy hand which dripped heavy suds down his back.

"Never mind, me bold bucco! I'm not curious. Now, off you go to bed. You're far too enterprisin' to-night."

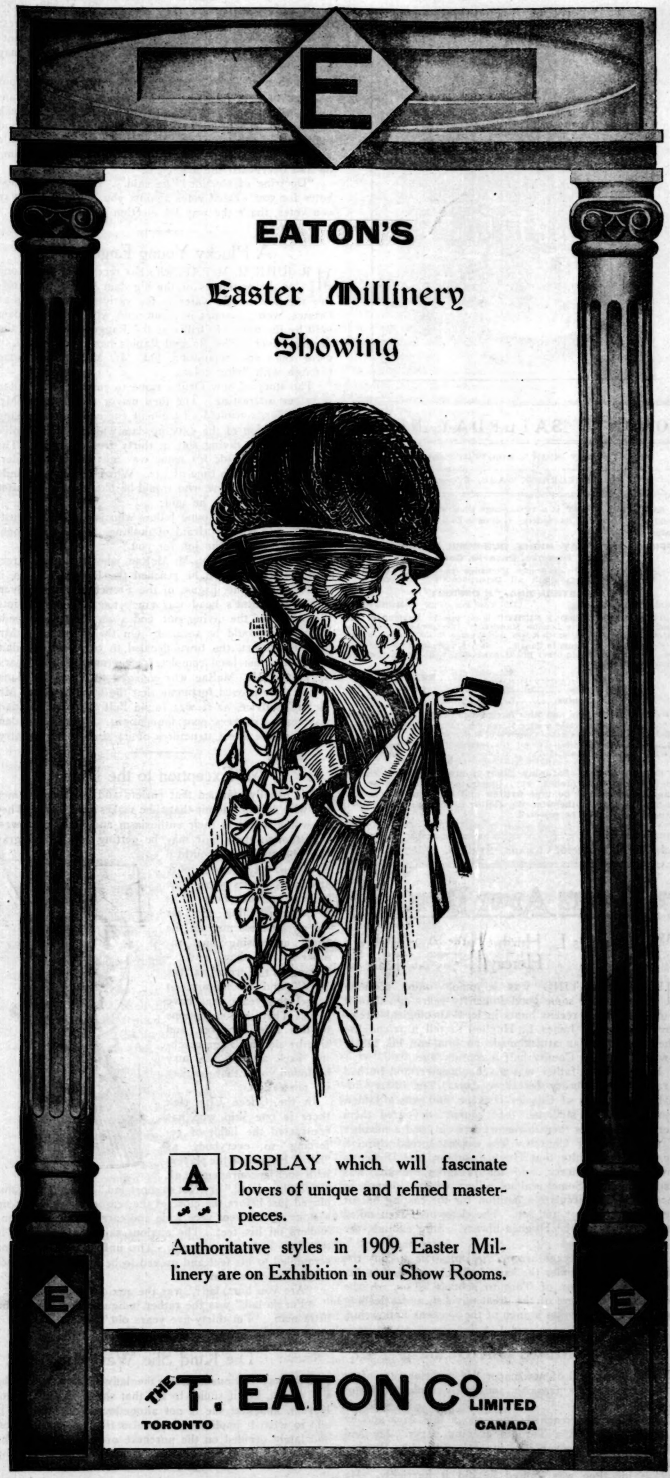
In spite of poor Snipesy's protestations he was marched off. Worse than that she stood and watched him undress and get under the clothes. His was a desperate case. This was just about the time "de gang" would raid Carlton's garden. But there was nothing to be gained by resistance. So he lay down and assuming as cherubic an expression as his features permitted, he pretended to go to sleep. Mother watched him for a minute or two and then went out quietly and shut the door. She didn't have too much faith in such sudden sleep, but she felt he was fixed for the night anyway.

Five minutes after she left, the window of his room was softly raised, and Snipesy stepped out onto the flat roof of the porch. It was a long jump from there to the ground, but he wouldn't risk sliding down, for fear of detection. There was an old flower-bed within range and he jumped for it. It was soft and muggy and it broke his fall, but he carried away with him about a bushel of it.

Roughly knocking the mud off his legs and hands he started out to run towards Carlton's. It was only a few blocks away, and in a very short time he was within sight of it. Everything was quiet and he began to slow up, thinking "de gang" had not carried out their plan after all. But just then there broke out on the night the most horrible bellowing and mooing and roaring, as of a stampeded herd. It came from all parts of the garden to the accompaniment of crackling bushes. "De gang" was certainly making a good job of it. Not three such herds as Lacy, the milkman's, could cause all that diabolical uproar.

Snipesy gave a cry of surprise and rage and darted for a hole in the hedge which he knew. He squeezed through and then without hesitation rushed at a capering figure which was

(*Concluded on page 17.*)



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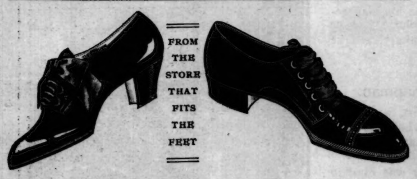

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!?· Points About People ·?!

When James L. Hughes was Accused of Heresy.

HERESY-HUNTING was a much more common pleasure for some good folk fifty years ago than it is to-day. Some recent hunts in local theological circles moved Inspector James L. Hughes to tell a friend the other day about an attack made on him and his father down in Durham County half a century ago.

Mr. Hughes's father was a schoolmaster, and he had a rather large library for those days. The library included the novels of Charles Dickens, and young James, being naturally studious, of course devoured them greedily. He was then thirteen years old, and a member of the Methodist Church. The report spread through the little community that Hughes, senior, had Dickens's novels in his library, and that Hughes, junior, was reading them. Some zealous pillars of the church at once started to circulate a petition for the casting out of the offending father and son. The clergyman even called and asked to see the Hughes library. Sure enough, the novels were there.

But no result came from the agitation to put the Dickens disciples under the ban of the church, and to-day the Chief Inspector of Toronto schools is one of the most ardent admirers of the great novelist, and a leading member of the Toronto branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

He Missed One Detail.

IN the daily grind of newspaper life reporters are often guilty of some freakish and many funny performances.

The limit was reached, however, a few days ago by a young scribe on a Toronto evening paper. He had been assigned to "cover" the funeral of the late Brother Odo Baldwin, Inspector of Separate Schools in Toronto, and as his time was limited he did it hurriedly. He turned in half a column of nicely-written "stuff" to his city editor. The latter came out a few minutes later to the reporters' room and remarked with a frigid smile:

"By the way, Mr. ——, you have missed one minor detail in this 'story.' You didn't mention the name of the man who has been buried."

Confusedly glancing over his copy, the blushing reporter saw that not once in that half-column had he mentioned the name of the deceased dignitary, and he hastily supplied the important omission.

Stories Told by Rev. Dr. Chapman.

DR. WILBUR CHAPMAN, the evangelist, who sailed from Vancouver last week for an Australian tour, told some good stories during his short excursion into Canada last fall.

One of these was of a darkey preacher who came to him during a visit to a Southern city, with a request that the doctor should address his congregation. Dr. Chapman replied that compliance would be impossible, as his day was taken up from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.

"Come at eleven, then," said the enthusiastic pastor, who assured the evangelist that the congregation would be present at any hour of the day or night that would suit him.

Finding it impossible to refuse such importunity, Dr. Chapman acceded to the request. At the appointed hour he arrived, and found the church crowded, and the darkies singing lustily. As soon as he appeared, the pastor stopped the singing and proceeded to introduce the evangelist to his audience in this fashion:

"Brethren, I have brought you a sure enough preacher from New York; a sure enough preacher from New York. Mostest like a darkey preacher you ever heard."

His remarks at the close of Dr. Chapman's address were equally complimentary, from the negro standpoint:

"Thank you, brudder; thank you, brudder. You may have a white face, but you have a black heart."

Another of Dr. Chapman's darkey stories is apropos in these days of intense doctrinal discussion. The evangelist, who is a Presbyterian, had been asked to speak to a man disposed to join that communion, who found difficulty in accepting the doctrine of election. While they were engaged in discussion a negro preacher came up and overheard the argument.

"Doctrine of election!" he said. "That's easy. God votes for you. Devil votes against you. Whichever way you votes, that's the way the election goes."

A Plucky Young Engineer.

MR. JOHN M. McRAE, who has recently acted as one of the engineers of the big dam built for controlling the flow of the water to the various power users at Ottawa, won his spurs in connection with the third dam built by the town of Orillia at the Ragged Rapids on the Severn River. The Ragged Rapids has proved fatal to more than one reputation, but Mr. McRae has come through with flying colors.

The story of how Orillia came to employ Mr. McRae is rather interesting. The then mayor of the town, Mr. C. J. Miller, consulted an eminent engineer as to making an examination of the existing dam which would involve a descent in a diving suit in thirty feet of water. The man who had made his name was not willing to undertake the feat at his time of life. When asked if he could recommend some one who would be likely to do so, after a moment's thought, he said:

"Yes, I know a young fellow who is absolutely trustworthy, and who is afraid of nothing. I have no doubt he will undertake the job for you."

And he named John M. McRae, who hesitated scarcely a moment. When he reached the Ragged Rapids, it was found, to the disgust of the French-Canadian diver, that Mr. McRae's head was much too large to go into the helmet of the diving suit, and a wait had to be made till another could be secured. On the strength of Mr. McRae's report, the town decided to construct the dam which has just been completed after nearly three years' work, and Mr. McRae was engaged to draw the plans. It has since proved fortunate that the town acted on Mr. McRae's advice, as it was found that the previous dam was resting on very poor foundations. The present dam is one of the finest structures of its kind in the country.

An Exception to the Rule.

IT is usually affirmed that curlers and bowlers are men who will not admit that time makes them older. They show the world in their enthusiasm and athletic prowess that though their hair may be getting scant and gray their hearts are as youthful as when they played more strenuous games some time before Confederation. It is a common thing to hear elderly business men on the rinks addressing one another as "old chap," and referring to the crowd as "the boys," and so helping to forget the years that have gone. There are exceptions to this rule, however, and side by side with age reaching back after youth may be found youth that despises its possession.

In the Queen City rink there is one skip who has contracted the habit of referring to everybody as "lad." He greets the players with such encouragement as, "Well played, lad," or "Not so short, lad." During a game played just before the close of the season, a curler put up a stone which went very wide and carried one of the onlookers off his feet. The anxious skip ran up to see if the man had been injured. The unfortunate spectator scrambled to his feet and proved to be a dapper and successful business man.

"Are you hurt, lad?" was the anxious inquiry.

"I'm no lad," was the rather indignant reply from the little man. "I'm thirty-five years old."

The Kind She Wanted.

FOR very obvious reasons the lady's name cannot be given. Let it suffice to say that she is rich, extremely rich, and that she is not altogether accustomed to it and to what it implies. She is also fond of automobiles, and lately decided on the purchase of a handsome "limousine." She opened her mind to a local agent on the subject, and he very indiscreetly let the story slip out. It was too good to keep.

"I want one of them automobiles—" she said, "you know the kind—the ones with the Lou'siana bodies."

A Way of Escape.

IN Western Ontario, a story is going the rounds regarding a certain clergyman. He is a big man and his sense of dignity has verged a little on pomposity. He possesses a gift of oratory which has been used to make his ordinary speech very impressive. When seen upon the street in a frock suit and a silk hat he strikes one immediately as a man of importance.

Every morning he goes to the village post-office after the arrival of the mail, and during one of these jaunts, an amusing incident occurred. Several little urchins were indulging in a game of marbles on the sidewalk, and the losers were relieving their feelings in picturesque language which they had picked up from their elder brothers. As the clergyman came along they were even more emphatic than usual. The impressive figure stopped and looked down at the dirty lads sitting on the wet boards. He folded his hands, shook his head slowly and said in a deep and solemn voice:

"Little boys, little boys. I'm afraid, I'm afraid—"

Before he could proceed further, one youth looked up smartly and asked:

"Then, why the d——l don't you run?"

Story of a Baby Contest.

EVERYBODY knows John Farrell in the district west of London. He is popular in all quarters and in great demand as an efficient chairman at picnics, tea meetings, concerts, etc. The joke is on John once in a long while only.

On one occasion at a rural picnic in West Lambton he gave an address and took occasion to offer a prize of $2 to the mother of the best looking baby on the grounds and selected as the judges his friends, Messrs. F. F. Pardee and R. E. LeSueur, the Liberal and Conservative candidates respectively, for West Lambton. These two astute politicians brought in the report that the eight babies in the competition were all so beautiful that they could only decide that each should receive a prize, and they elected the donor to pay $2 to each of the eight mothers.

John promptly met the situation by informing the judges that they could not evade their clear duty in that way, and appealed to the audience to decide the matter. He won out, with the result that the two politicians were out eight dollars each. The situation was greatly enjoyed by many others in addition to John and the mothers.

Dr. Bridges of St. John.

DR. BRIDGES, school inspector at St. John, N.B., looks askance at Lord Strathcona's offer to train the young Canadian eye, as well as the young Canadian idea, how to shoot. Dr. Bridges succeeded George E. Foster as classical professor at the University of New Brunswick when the ex-Finance Minister first entered politics. About ten years ago he became head of the high school and school inspector at St. John. Opposition to the military training idea might have been expected from this quarter, as Dr. Bridges opposes vacation schools, manual training, and all "fads." He lives in a good house on a fashionable street, and his long angular figure is emphasized by a never-forsaken silk hat.

One day he called upon a neighbor to complain of the insulting conduct of her seven year old boy.

"What has the lad done? his mother enquired; and duty struggled vainly with amusement when the inspector gravely informed her that Malcolm had followed him down the street calling out: "Go on, ye lang-legged dude, go on ye lang-legged dude."

The Copy Boys Again.

THE boys who carry copy from reporters to the newspaper offices are a bright bunch, although, like news boys, their smartness sometimes becomes cheek, about which time they cease to be useful. There is a story told of one copy boy to whom the city editor gave theatre tickets which were to be taken up to the managing editor of the paper. When the lad got to the house he found that the family could not use them, so he was told to return to the office. Instead of doing so he decided to go to the theatre himself and occupy good seats. When he arrived in the lobby, he noticed the dramatic critic of the paper and was moved with generosity towards him.

Going up to the man, the youth said: "If you would like to have a good seat, you may come and sit with me. I have an extra one."

While this is merely an example of cheek, some of the boys have witty speeches to their credit. A couple of weeks ago, a number of reporters at the city hall found very little to do one Saturday morning. They were sitting in the press room, and beguiled the time by rendering the piece which some persons are commencing to call the "new national anthem."

The sound reached one of the down-stairs rooms, the occupants of which became curious. A copy boy arrived on the scene, and was immediately asked, "What's all that noise?"

"Oh!" replied the youth, "That's the meddlesome choir singing 'O Canada!'"

The Original Wire Tapper.

JAMES ANDERSON, the veteran newspaperman, whose death has just been reported at St. John, N.B., might have been the father of all the "wire tappers," but for defective legislation.

Fifty or sixty years ago he was the St. John correspondent of the original New York Associated Press, whose founder and proprietor was D. H. Craig. There were no cables at that time, and the big weekly stunt of Craig's news agency was to furnish its clients with a summary of European news dropped off the steamer at Halifax and forwarded part way by wire, part way by horse and local steamer express so as to reach New York a day ahead of the liner.

One day while this report was being transmitted from Halifax the wire failed in St. John, and after some search it was discovered it had been maliciously cut. Circumstances pointed strongly to Anderson, who was arrested and put on trial. There was a suspicion, too, that Craig himself was in collusion with the perpetrator of this new crime, as Anderson could have no motive.

But the truth of the matter never came out, for when the case came to trial it was found that under the existing law no offence had been committed. The statute protected the wire from St. John to the United States border, and from St. John to the boundary between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but it was the wire running through the town which had been cut, and the Act didn't mention that at all.

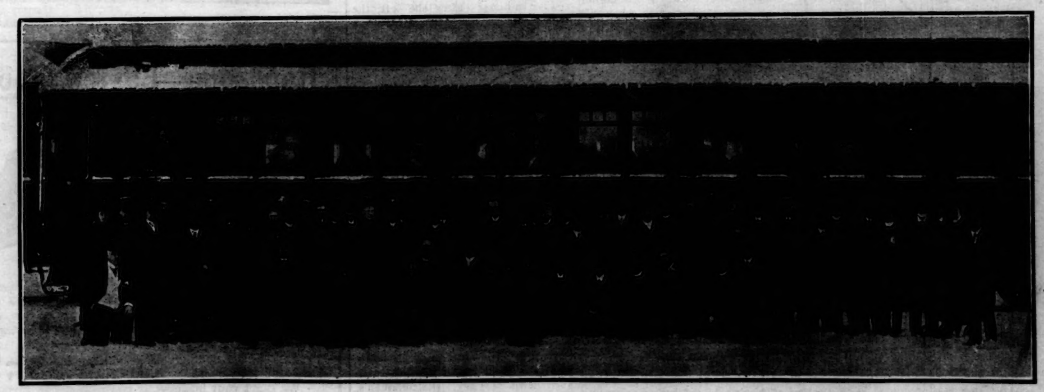
The Daylight Saving Scheme.

THE Daylight Saving Bill, which is on a fair way to become an Act of the British Parliament, is based on a simple idea evolved by William Willett, of London. Like a good many other people, Mr. Willett has regretted that the long evenings shrink as autumn approaches, and that so much daylight is wasted as a result of the divergence between changing seasons and the system of unchanging standard time. But some time ago he thought of a simple remedy for this, and, acting on his enthusiasm in the matter, Mr. R. Pearce, M.P., drafted a bill and introduced it in the British House of Commons. In substance the bill proposes that the hour between two and three o'clock in the morning of each of the first four Sundays in April shall be a small hour of forty minutes, and that the hour between two and three o'clock in the morning of each of the first four Sundays in September shall be a long hour of eighty minutes. In other words, some of the hours of wasted sunlight—hours when the sun is shining while we are asleep—are to be withdrawn from the beginning and added to the end of the day.

MR. WILLIAM WILLETT, Promoter of the Scheme to Save Daylight.

It is pointed out that the proposed legislation has many things to commend it. With more daylight people will be healthier. They will have more opportunities for exercise and recreation; the benefits of parks and open spaces will be increased; there will be a saving in the use of artificial lights; transportation companies will profit by the change; and so on. As to the difficulties of the scheme, Mr. Willet reminds us that the changes of time made in mid-ocean mean very little to the traveller. For instance, there is a difference of twenty-five minutes in standard time in Great Britain and in Ireland. Travellers between these countries move their watches backward and forward crossing the Irish Channel and think very little about it.

To be effective in Britain, of course, the scheme must be adhered to throughout the country.



CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION EXCURSION TO PETERBOROUGH LAST SATURDAY.

The fifty-first annual convention of the Canadian Press Association was held in Toronto last week. It is customary on the last day of the convention to run an excursion to some nearby point of interest. Last Saturday a trip was made to Peterborough, through the courtesy of the C. P. R., with George Ham, Mr. R. L. Thompson, D.P.A., and other officials of the road on hand to make the outing a pleasant one. A most enjoyable day was spent by the party, who inspected the plants of the Canadian General Electric Company, the Canadian Cordage Company, and the Quaker Oats Company. The newly-elected President of the Press Association, Mr. L. S. Channell, The Record, Sherbrooke, Quebec, stands bareheaded in the middle of the group.

AS SEEN THROUGH A NATURALIST'S LENS

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photographs by the Author.

(*Written for the Toronto Saturday Night.*)

I OFTEN think, as I sit in far-off lonely places—no matter whether it be in Ontario, Manitoba, or the Pacific-laved shores of British Columbia—of the safety of the subject in these isolated spots. Every fibre and strand that weaves the fabric of the Union Jack seems to call aloud, as it waves, of justice to all men. A short hundred years ago a man following my life would have seen some stranger scenes through his lens. Perhaps I should put it in the singular, for one scene with an active enemy at the other end would have nipped his career in the bud.

Back in those days the pastoral-looking Indians had some hair-raising times; not that I mean to pun. There is on the shores of Rice Lake a series of artificial mounds that amply illustrate the danger an inquisitive nature photographer would have undergone. To-day these are called the Serpent Mounds. I think our well-liked archæologist, the genial Mr. Boyle, named them truly when he so called them. However, he was thinking of the races lost in the mists of time, called the Mound-builders; and I am writing of these same mounds, under the same title. But according to my Indian informants, they were built at a much later date, and are the trenches in which the victorious Ojibways buried the slaughtered Mohawks. Let me tell it you as I heard it from the old Mississauga chief, Paudash, who now rests beneath the soil that covers his ancient enemies.

Hawk, the ever present fat boy Fritz, and your humble servant were seated before a camp fire at the foot of the Serpent Mounds. Our evening meal was done, the sun had set. In the gloom that hovered over the great wild rice beds, the silky rustling of the incoming flocks of wild ducks could be heard. A sultry, oppressive heat seemed to lay its touch on all things of nature and bid them be silent. Out in the darkness we heard the regular "tump, tump, tump" of an Indian's paddle. Then the bow of his canoe slid through the shadows into the glare that wavered over the lake, and his deep voice saluted us: "Puzhugishkah"—it is dark. We urged him to come ashore, and he seated himself near us with the silent gravity of his race. Then to the accompaniment of the little owls that hooted in the trees over this ancient burial place, while the feeding hosts of wild ducks gabbled and quacked in the dark rice beds, he told us this story of his people:

"This Lake of the Wild Rice (Bukwuche Wabuhnoomin, he called it, in his more poetic Ojibway) was ours long before the white man came. We caught the Kenojah—the maskinonge—killed the Sheseeb—the wild duck—and trapped the swift Shaungwasha—the mink—when our father, Hiawatha, was chief of the red man." I think he said this to impress us with the centuries the tribes had held these waters, as I always understand the Indian when he speaks of Hiawatha, always with low reverence of the red man, to speak of him as we speak of Christ. For their legends tell of Hiawatha at the time of the flood, and this legendary chief, this saviour of their people, is as real to them as the Man of Nazareth is to us. While the sputtering pine knots lighted up his great dark face he took up the tale:

"Our men fished and hunted in peace until the Mohawks came. All along the shores of the big lakes they drove the Huron before them as we drove the frightened deer, then they found small camps of our people and killed all these bands. One day a spy of Mohawks was seen by our men as they fished this lake and they sent runners to the chiefs of the tribe on the Silver Water (as he called Lake Superior). Our men came a month's journey. The wild rice was ripe when they paddled in the lakes above the portage—now Peterboro—but the camps were burned and the braves were dead. My fathers built a great camp on the Otonabee; built it of pine trees, a mighty council chamber. And then"—here his voice fell almost to a whisper—"they built another inside it."

There is no doubt that the Ojibways, to outwit their crafty foes—foes as used to the scalping knife and the war axe as the Ojibways were to the peaceful tools of their fishing and trapping life—built this double council chamber. The walls of living trees, some cut, some bent and twisted, held a space wide enough to conceal a single warrior between them in every foot of their wide circle.

"We killed all that came," he burst out in triumph, "we sent a messenger, told them to come to our camp and talk it over. We met them on the river bank, we left our knives and bows on the ground, then we all went in the big council tent. Our chief threw the peace-pipe on the ground and we killed all that came."

We could see the scene outlined in the darkness of the night that enshrouded us: The camp of the Mohawks clustered, a huddled mass of bark and skin tepees, on the brow of the hill beneath which we now sat. It was then unmarked by the sinister Serpent Mounds. Here the messenger of the Ojibways came; from here the birchbarks of more than half the braves of this warlike tribe set out on their last journey. Passing out through the familiar rice beds, they skirted the island we now call Rainy. Leaving their women and papooses on Spook Island, they went westward until they reached the mouth of the Otonabee. Up the nearest, the Eastern Branch no doubt, they sped, paddling swiftly and silently as was their wont. At length, as they opened out a bend of the river, a huge green council chamber came into view. It stood on the spot we now call Campbellton—the site of a deserted logging industry—but in those days, a century and a half or two centuries ago, it was a simple clearing in the woods.

Half of the Ojibways stood on the top of the banks almost totally unarmed, of the other half I will tell you later. As the Mohawks disembarked and came slowly and watchfully up the hill, their hosts ostentatiously deposited their few remaining weapons on the pile at the door of this big tent-like structure. The visiting red men, murdering marauders though they had been, followed this simple wild-wood courtesy of their hosts and laid all their visible weapons on the ground. Once inside they formed in two opposing half circles, squatted on the grass. How the keen desire, the taste of the coming slaughter, must have surged through the bulging veins of the Ojibways! How the watchful Mohawks must have rolled their dark eyes, nervous, anticipating they knew not what, ready with a leap and a yell at the first sign of treachery! Then the Ojibway Chief, Megezee—the Eagle, they call him when they tell the weird story now—took the peace-pipe, while from the hidden recesses of the double walls of the great green tent eyes that burned with hate told where the other half of the Ojibways were concealed. The silence, as the great chief of this powerful northern tribe raised the red stone pipe to his lips, was rent—as a mighty shell shrieking and wailing rends the wooden walls of an ancient vessel—by the war cry of the Ojibways. And as he dashed the emblem of peace to the ground, there leaped from out the cedar and pine walls of the council chamber a hacking, slashing, painted crowd of demons into the semi-light of the great tent. A few moments of hard-struggling, deep-breathing conflict, then the victorious Ojibways emerged into the light of day. Embers from many camp-fires, torches from frenzied hands, were flung against the huge pile, and speedily the council chamber became a funeral pyre. The Ojibways had "killed all that came."

Then—so the folklore of these people tells us—the blood-maddened braves leaped into their canoes and urged them madly down the river. The slaughtered enemy had left the squaws and papooses of their half of the tribe on the island we now call Spook—well-named it is—truly suitable to bear the Indian word for ghost. Within an hour from the time that the bows of the canoes of this devastating host grated on the western shores of Spook all the women and children of the band had joined their families in the Land of the Great Spirit, and when the still eastward-leaping canoes were lost to sight the only living thing on all that long sandy island was a cur-dog of the tribe that howled from the top of the bank.

To the very spot where we sat, under the slope of the hill, right at the edge of the sandy shore, this swiftly advancing mass of canoes headed. Up the channels in the dark wild rice beds—channels we know so well—they came, as silently as the shadows gather over the rice. In front of them loomed this hill, but then it bore no Serpent Mounds on its top. Right over its crest, and in the clearing behind, clustered the camps of the Mohawks. No sentries watched over the dark lake—what had they to dread from those despised fishermen and trappers, the Mississaugas, as they called this band of the Ojibways? Peacefully they slept awaiting the return of the absent warriors with the treaty giving them the rights to fish and hunt on this Lake of the Wild Rice. As the slow surge ebbs and flows along the dark shores at midnight, with a strange rattling noise and a sound as of many voices low pitched, so this flotilla of avengers landed; the sands and the paddles and the sharper rattle of the weapons should have alarmed the sleeping warriors on the crest of the hill. But they tell us that the dark wave was half way to the summit ere the dogs gave tongue. Then the ready knives and keen axes gave the sleep-burdened braves scant chance. When the morning sun came up over the great wild rice beds the Mohawks were a thing of the past. And ere it had set on this ghastly scene its Westering beams lighted up a long trench, sinuous in formation, and four circular mounds; for the victors, building better than they knew, built the graves that covered the slaughtered Mohawks in the form of the emblems or totems of that tribe—the Blacksnake and the Turtle; built for endless years (as we now hope the Ontario Government will carefully preserve this ancient earth wonder) a lasting memorial, an earth-formed satire on their enemies.

The next day we carefully examined and pictured this Serpent Mound. The trench runs its sinuous length from southwest to northeast. The tail, brought to a fine point, lies to the southwest. The greatest width of the head of the Serpent is forty-five feet. The height above the surrounding land has been much reduced by constant excavation, and also by the gradual subsidence of the entire formation, yet it is fully ten feet above the top of the hill on which it lies. Four Turtle Mounds surround it, mounds fifty feet in circumference. The long, winding trench and the four circular mounds must have been filled with the slain, so crowded is the lower stratum of earth with bones.

Many strange ornaments and utensils have been taken from the mounds and from the adjacent field, as well as quantities of weapons—stone axes, knives, pestels for corn-grinding, sharpening stones. Fritz stood these up to photograph them, and they look like monuments. However, they are only twelve to eighteen inches long. Great numbers of rude carvings, copper beads, pottery and skeletons have been found hereabouts. But everywhere along the one hundred and twenty-nine feet of the serpent's body human relics are to be obtained. Great oak trees grow straight upwards out of the mounds, trees a hundred and a hundred and fifty years old. There is one strange carved animal that we photographed. This rude piece of limestone was found under the roots of an old pine stump fully two feet in diameter. It probably represents a beaver or a muskrat, the tip of the nose is broken off, but the nostrils have been pierced, the arched back is well carved, and two holes have been laboriously driven through it. One is broken and shows signs of wear, as if it had been borne from place to place on a pole. If there was a tribe in days long past that used one of these animals as its totem or sign manual the riddle is easily read.

We show you several pictures of this truly interesting spot, a place worth preserving in these days of ultra-commercialism.

Selling the Auto.

"DON'T you think we ought to get rid of that automobile?" asked Mrs. Spinner. "It's long past its usefulness for us, although it might be just the thing for some one just beginning."

"Strange," replied Mr. Spinner, "that you should have mentioned it, for that was just what I was about to do. I'll put my mind on it at once."

"Your mind? Um. Is that all?"

Spinner drew himself up.

"It is plain," he replied, "that you are very crude. You do not understand the simplest rules of thought transference."

"Do you mean to say that—"

"I mean to say that I shall at once send out some thought waves, conveying the unmistakable impression that I want to sell that machine. You just wait, and you will see the result."

Mrs. Spinner smiled incredulously. A few days later, however, she said, triumphantly, when he came home:

"Well, my dear, it's all right. I sold the car. A man came to-day. I told him your price, and he offered me twenty-five dollars less, and I took it."

Spinner shook his head up and down. His face was wreathed in a large smile.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "what did I tell you! Now you will laugh at me, I suppose. Nevertheless, those thought waves of mine did the business."

His wife laughed.

"That's all right," she replied. "But how do you account for the fact that the man had an advertisement, which had been inserted in the paper, giving your name and address, and urging every one to call and see that car at this house?"

Spinner gazed at her in astonishment.

"Well, if that isn't just like a woman," he cried. "Don't you understand that the whole science of thought transference is yet in its infancy? The most we can do at present is to send out the waves of impulse and invitation. We haven't yet arrived at the point where we can transfer an address mentally. For this reason I inserted the advertisement, so that the man, when he received the impulse to buy that machine, would also have with it the impulse to look over the ad. pages and get my name and address in the usual manner."

Mrs. Spinner thought for a moment and then said:

"I understand perfectly. You got my impulse, didn't you?"

"Yours? What do you mean?"

"Come now. Don't joke, my dear. This is a serious matter. You got my impulse, didn't you?"

"Why, I must have got it if you sent it. Would you mind telling me what it was?"

She smiled triumphantly again.

"Certainly not. When that man came and bought the machine, I sent out a thought wave to you telling you that I proposed to keep the money for myself. And so, if you don't mind, dear, I will take the money and obey another impulse I have just received from some unknown person, to look over the bargain-counter advertisements, so that when I go shopping to-morrow I can spend it judiciously."—Harper's Weekly.

The most meek and willing slaves on the face of the earth are the slaves of fashion. They will spend their last cent for new masters and new chains.

Fashion is the art of which "do it now" is the motto, of which "get the money" is the science, of which having money is the luck, of which getting rid of it the philosophy, of which making a splurge is the point, of which being a leader of fashion is the *summum bonum*.

Formerly to be fashionable was to wear what others were wearing, but the fashions change, even in fashions. To be fashionable now, in the age of speed and nervous prostration, is to wear what everybody is going to wear and quit wearing it before everybody else begins.—Ellis O. Jones, in Life.

"If the leading lady is a star, what is the chorus?" "Easy. The Great Bare."—Life.

If everyone wore tights there would be no musical comedy.—April Smart Set.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LOST HAIR

BLUFF BOB drew Whiskery George aside,
"Now lend an ear," said he,
"For you're a warrior old and tried,
And ill it does the foe betide
To face your snickersnee."

And then he quoted verse and text,
As e'en old Nick can do,
About how Samson sore was vexed,
When bad Delilah whispered "Next!"
And gave him a shampoo.

"And there is one to-day," said he,
"Whose strength lies in his hair,
And if his tresses lopped should be,
Why, then it would be you or me
Who'd occupy his chair!"

'Nuff said, the direful plan is made,
The villains haste away,
To where within the purple shade
Great Wilfy's bushy head is laid—
They mow his hair like hay.

He wakes and rises woozilee,
Knee-deep in fallen locks,
Can this be me," says he, says he,
"O Lord, that thusly shorn should be
The prize lamb of thy flocks!"

But vain are all his groans and tears,
His day of power is done;
Like Samson 'neath the conquering shears
He falls with all his honored years,
While Bob the land does run.

But in these late inventive days
There's still hope for the shorn,
And there are ointments, lotions, sprays,
Massage, and twenty other ways
To clothe one's scalp from scorn.

So Wilfy sends a message forth—
Some wireless "C.Q.D."—
And from the east, south, west, and north
The barbers, they come trooping forth
Till it's a sight to see.

They bring the weapons of their craft
And use them with a will;
This is no trifling chance for graft,
At ten-cent tips how they'd have laughed!—
The Public pays this bill.

They brush and rub and spray and scrub
From dawn till midnight's gloom;
And all the time Bluff Bob, the dub,
And George think Wilfy's safe from troubling them till crack of doom.

At last his hair bursts on the scene
Like leaves on Aaron's rod;
In color it was somewhat green,
This was because such haste had been
To force it from the sod.

And now did Wilfy's strength return,
He jumped and danced with joy;
He said: "I've bushy locks to burn,
Great Paderewski's mop I'd spurn,
I'm still the People's boy!"

On Bob and George he straightway lands
Like hundredweights of brick;
His hair on end with fury stands
As he to them their sentence hands,
"For life you'll oakum pick!"

Without delay they shed their hair
And get spring suits of stripe;
And over the rich prison fare
They sadly ask the why and wherefore Fortune dealt this swipe.

"Now you and Samson both be derned!"
Poor George did wildly cry;
"From sad experience I have learned
The many ways can texts be turned—
A higher critic I!"

POD.

3 FOR 50c.

"OXFORD"

Newest smart English style, now so popular in London. 2½ inches high at back. Also in CAMBRIDGE, 2 in. high. Demand

CASTLE BRAND

Some W. G. & R. Collar suits every taste and occasion. Quarter sizes.

OF BERLIN

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

New England Excursions

BOSTON, MASS.	$16 20
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.	14 45
PALMER, MASS.	14 75
WORCESTER, MASS.	15 45
S. FRAMINGHAM, MASS.	16 00

From Toronto via Montreal

Good going Thursday, April 8th. Through Boston sleeper leaves Toronto 9 a.m.

Return limit April 22nd.

Easter Excursions at Single Fare between all stations in Canada. Good going April 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Return limit April 13th, 1909.

Full information at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

New England Excursion

FROM TORONTO

THURSDAY, APRIL 8

RETURN FARES:

Boston, Mass.	$16 20
Springfield, Mass.	14.45
Palmer, Mass.	14.75
Worcester, Mass.	15 45
South Framingham, Mass.	16.00

Tickets Read Via Montreal

Good Returning Until April 22

Fast Service

Single Fare for Easter

between all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur

Good going April 8, 9, 10, 11, 12

Return limit April 13

C. P. R. City Ticket Office, cor. King and Yonge Sts. Phone M. 6580

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

PURE AND DELICIOUS.

Made in a moment. No waste. No trouble. Of all Grocers.

Those who have been waiting for genuine new Maple Syrup can get it now.

We have just received our first consignment, two weeks earlier than last season—

at Michie's

Michie & Co., Limited

Grocers, etc.

7 KING ST. WEST

Telephone Main 7591

Private Branch Exchange connecting all departments.

DUSKOT

DUSKOT

"Duskot" Vacuum Carpet Cleaner. A woman can use it alone. Cleans carpets and rugs on the floor without raising any dust. Write or 'phone today for interesting literature on this machine.

SANITARY CARPET CLEANER CO., Ltd. 123 Bay St., Toronto

FEARMAN'S HAMILTON

Star Brand BACON

is the Best Bacon

A REMARKABLE auto test was conducted recently at Kansas City, when a touring car was driven backward for twenty miles over country roads, the last five miles including the ascent of a hill known to the motorists of the district as the scene of the annual Kansas City hill climb. Running backward is a supreme test for an air-cooled motor, as it eliminated that part of the air current produced by forward motion. But the car covered the distance in three hours and seven minutes, and its air-cooled engine was practically unheated at the end of the twenty miles. The trial was carried out in connection with the Kansas City Show, and was the idea of a dealer who issued a challenge for such a contest. It was expected that a number of water-cooled cars would enter the contest, but they did not. The distance covered by the car accomplishing the feat was measured by changing the right front wheel, carrying the speedometer gear, to the left side, this making the speedometer register as it would ordinarily with the car going forward.

* * *

The humors of the automobile trade are numerous and extraordinary. Here, for instance, are exact reproductions of two letters recently received by a firm of Toronto dealers from a prospective customer in a New Brunswick town:

Dear Sir,

will you tall me the bast that you can do on Automobiles. I want to bay one and if you had one that will not have run more than one years and that it will be good and that you will not charge me to much for it I may bay it. you see I want one for may one use. and I want it to be varay light and if it was a Bock Bord it would not make aney defarence to me as long as it will be light but I want it small onlay for 2. Two. parson. becouse it is to trailvling in the countray to sall plance but .. must be good anoft to carray Two man aney ware. and I want it to run with Gasliene. and I want it to be good Machine. and I dont want to pay more that 2 or three Hundard dollars. for it and I will pay you half down and the rast I can pay you some avry munth.

nomore for this time hoping to her frome you

I remoy yours struly.

_____.

Dear Sir.

do you have Bock Baord Automobile to sall I want one to go in Country Road and I think that one of this Runabout will be gust wat I nede as long as it will take two Parson up in all the hell in a country roads it will do me alrite. I dont want no fancey and if it was not brand new it would not make much defarence. so if you have some of that kind please let me here from you as soon as you can. and if you dont handle tham will you gave me some adrass of some one that sall tham.

no more for this time

I remoy

_____.

* * *

As a guidance to motorists and others on the country roads, the directors of the Ontario Motor League, at their last monthly meeting, decided upon a comprehensive plan to erect direction signs along principal routes. A permanent enamel type of sign will be adopted, with background in blue and letters in white. Similar work has been done by automobile clubs in the United States, Great Britain and France. The motorists are entering into the scheme heartily, many of them volunteering personally to assist in erecting the signs. The affiliated clubs in Hamilton, Ottawa and Kingston will also be given a number of signs each, for distribution in their vicinities.

The following committee was appointed to carry out the scheme: Wm. Dobie, A. E. Chatterson, H. B. Wills, Oliver Hezzlewood, F. E. Mutton and E. M. Wilcox. This committee will also take up the question of appointing officially-recommended hotels, for which special signs will be supplied.

* * *

The number and variety of grievances against motors and motorists cherished by certain sections of the non-motoring public are quite extraordinary. And one of these arises from the injury to one's dignity when an auto horn causes him to scurry for the curb or to dance about foolishly in the middle of the street. Harper's Weekly in its latest issue discusses this very point, and the article is well worth quoting, in part:

"It is not merely danger to life and limb from the rapidly multiplying machines on all the highways and byways, with the irresponsibility of locomotives jumping their tracks, it is not merely the damage when we fail to escape them, but the sense of indignity which remains with us when we succeed. This has been intimated by an eminent divine, whose courage has been approved in other fields. He tells us that when he has been hooted at by the horn of the chauffeur warning him of danger, and has managed to reach the sidewalk in safety, he feels outraged in that self-respect which should be dear to all and which every citizen has a right to cherish; and certainly we find something to agree with in what he says. It is like being shouted at by a witness who sees you in peril; and it does somehow convey a wound to the sensibilities. But we should not ourselves complain of the chauffeur's sins of commission as of his sins of omission in the matter of warning. He is bound by the law to sound his horn at corners and crossings, and in close proximity to the heedless pedestrian; and we do not see how he is to fail of this obligation without grievous and sometimes deadly wrong. His machine cannot signal the passer as does the trampling of horses' hoofs; and without that insolent hooting, you are in danger of far worse injury from him."

* * *

The decision of the Motor Club of Harrisburg to make Washington the night stopping place on the first day of their reliability contest, to be held May 3-6, has aroused much interest in the American Capital, as it is the first time any important tour or contest has included Washington in its route. Arrangements have been made for a high government official to review the contesting cars as they finish the day's run. In other respects, the first day's run of the Harrisburg Club will be a memorable affair. The first checking station will be at the main entrance to the Battlefield of Gettysburg. Another checking station will be in front of the John Brown monument at Harper's Ferry. A third checking station will be at the old house in Frederick, from the windows of which Barbara Freitchie is said to have waved her country's flag. The last checking station of the day will be in front of the White House at Washington.

* * *

A recent decision in a Scottish court is of interest to autoists generally. It appears that at a cross road an automobile which was proceeding along the main road was run into and damaged by a car which emerged from a less frequented side of the road. The inferior court held that both drivers were to blame and not only declined to award damages, but gave costs against the pursuer. Appeal was made to a higher court, and there the judgment was reversed, and the Lord President said if there was one rule more than another to lay down in such circumstances it was that it was the business of those who were crossing a main road to look out when they entered the main road and gave way to all traffic going along that road. He did not mean that they should not cross until there was no one in sight but that if there was any possibility at all of a collision it was the business of the person on the side road to give way to people on the main road. Accordingly a driver of a car on a side road should approach a main road with his car under control.

* * *

The annual automobile carnival in New York will be a big affair this year. It will take place on the afternoon of May 1, and $2,000 in cash prizes will be distributed. In the pleasure vehicle division it has been decided to allot the cash prizes as follows: $500 to the most handsomely decorated car; $250 as a second prize, and $150 as a third prize. It is intended to make the commercial and advertising section of the parade a spectacle long to be remembered. To encourage artistic decorations in this division the committee has set aside cash prizes, divided as follows: $300 to the best decorated and most appropriate float or display on a motor driven vehicle, $200 as second prize and $100 as a third prize.

Last year the division for grotesque cars brought out some exceedingly original contestants. Cash prizes in this division are $200 to the most grotesquely decorated car and $100 as second prize. No cups or trophies will be given as prizes. The winning contestants will receive cash.

No entry fee of any kind is charged for participating in the carnival parade or for entering the contesting divisions.

It is expected that three thousand cars will form in line, and that the procession will exceed seven miles in length.

* * *

The Automobile Club of America has completed the purchase of three lots in West Fifty-fifth St., on which a large addition to the club house will be built at a cost of $400,000. Over two hundred members of the organization are now on the garage waiting list, and the proposed addition will enable the club to keep pace, for the present at least, with its storage requirements. PNEUMATIC.

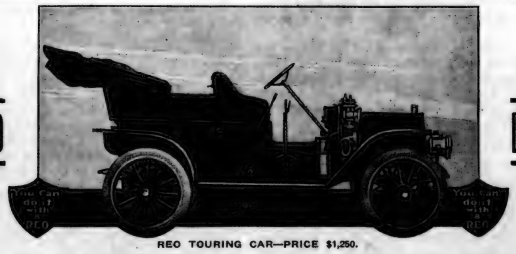
There's a Feeling of Security in Running an Oldsmobile

that one can never have in a car without firmly established reputation. The reputation of the OLDSMOBILE is such as to eliminate all guess work as to how it will act under each and every possible condition of road and weather.

THE OLDSMOBILE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited

FREDERICK SAGER, Manager — TORONTO — W. L. STONEBURN, City Sales Manager

REO REO



REO TOURING CAR—PRICE $1,250.

Get-there-and-back-ability

That's the first thing to look for—there's no pleasure in motoring without it. And it means something more than merely getting-there-and-back.

It means a well-designed, well-built, smooth-running engine, that uses its power to send the car ahead and not to wear itself out with internal friction and knocking.

This means economy, not only of gasoline but of repairs. And it means full use of your car every day in the year.

The "Reo" is all these, and a lot more that we haven't room to tell about. Send for catalogue, also "Two Weeks—the Tale of the Glidden Tour."

Reo Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited

St. Catharines, Ontario

"THOMAS" The Champion Endurance Car of the World

Isn't it reasonable to suppose that an automobile concern that can produce a car to win the great New York-to-Paris Race is in a peculiarly strong position to produce cars that will give the average motorist the greatest possible all-round satisfaction?

Take the "Thomas" from any standpoint—ease of control, smoothness of riding, style, finish—and compare it with any other car. Then you will appreciate what we mean by the assertion that the 1909 Thomas Flyer has no equal.

HUTCHINSON-MENZIE, LIMITED

126 Simcoe Street. TORONTO.

SPORTING COMMENT

ONE of the surest and most striking indications of the coming of spring is the return of baseball and lacrosse to the first columns of sporting departments in the newspapers. And that has already taken place. Columns are now being devoted to various wise and conflicting conjectures as to what the probabilities are in both those sports; and, of course, these conjectures centre about the home teams. So far as the baseball team is concerned, people will soon be in a position to get a line on them, as they are already at work at their training quarters at Chatham. The weather was not altogether favorable—in the beginning of the week, at least—but those who are familiar with conditions in the team speak hopefully of the results of training in this country. While the weather here is not to prevent the men doing so much outdoor work as they would do further south, it is pointed out that the change from the warmer climate at the opening of the regular season is a still more serious handicap. Regarding the chances of the team for the pennant, it is still rather early to talk. But local fans seem to think the prospect a bright one, though the reports of the doings of some of the other teams would indicate that the task is not likely to be an easy one.

* * *

SO far as lacrosse is concerned things are still at the talking stage entirely. There is much gossip about the movements of players and proposed changes of rules. But so far nothing of any consequence has been accomplished, at least in this part of the Dominion. In the West, while they are still discussing the amateur question, it seems to be practically decided that they will continue to play amateur lacrosse there. It is certainly to be hoped that they will. Professionalism has already done enough to destroy true sportsmanship in some of Canada's most valuable forms of sport, without it being allowed to get a footing in a part of the country which has been more or less free from it heretofore. I say more or less free, because it is quite possible and even probable that there has been quite a little of underhand professionalism even there, and that it is likely to go on so long as athletes remain human like ordinary men. But careful supervision can do much to keep this down to a degree where it will do little harm; while open, blatant professionalism is a positive blight.

* * *

TALKING of lacrosse in the West, calls to mind an unusual step decided on at the recent annual meeting of the Victoria Lacrosse Club. A resolution was passed at that meeting to have copies of the rules governing the game printed and circulated, not only among members of the club, but also among students at the Public schools, in order that all who played the game might be thoroughly conversant with the regulations. This is the kind of disinterested work which shows a real interest in the sport for the sake of it, and is probably one reason why those Westerners are proving themselves such good athletes and sportsmen, especially in the game of lacrosse, which is gaining in popularity there at a really marvellous rate.

* * *

AS its season is the same as that of baseball and lacrosse, cricket is also beginning to sit up and take notice just now. The annual meeting of the Canadian Cricket Association was held in Ottawa recently, and all those who attended expressed themselves as being enthusiastic over the prospects of the sport for the coming year. Last year had been the best on record, but they had every hope of bettering it this time. An interesting question which came up at the meeting was the visit of the Gentlemen of Ireland to America this year. It was decided to invite them to visit Canada for a week in September and play games against All Canada at Ottawa and Toronto. Here's hoping they will succeed in getting them to come, for there is nothing like sport to make the different parts of the Empire acquainted with one another and promote mutual good-will.

Hope was expressed at the meeting that additional clubs would be induced to join. One from Winnipeg is especially wanted, as in that case the Association would be representative of all Canada, instead of being confined to the Eastern provinces as at present. Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, and Montreal are the cities already included. Every lover of amateur sport will wish the Association success in their endeavor to extend the game in this country. Cricket is a fine, clean amateur sport—a gentleman's game. And it should get every encouragement from the people who wish to see this kind of sport made popular. In Toronto preparations for the season have opened with the meeting of the Rosedale Cricket Club, which won the championship last year, going through the season without a defeat. This is a splendid record, and the members deserve every credit for their fine work. They are nearly all Toronto bred and born, too, while in the other teams a number of the best players are Englishmen by birth. And this makes one more reason why we should rejoice at their success.

* * *

THE rowing and canoe clubs are now holding their annual meetings with a view to beginning preparations for the coming season. The Argonauts, the Toronto, and the Parkdale clubs have all got together and discussed matters, and a great deal of enthusiasm is being shown in the work of preparation. All these clubs reported that the past year had been very successful, and, of course, all expressed every hope for an even greater measure of success this time. Interesting points at the meetings were the resolution of the Argonauts that the Canadian Government should build a Dreadnought for Imperial defence, and the announcement by the Toronto Rowing Club that an English coach had been engaged.

INTER-VARSITY HOCKEY AT BECKENHAM: CAMBRIDGE SCORING A GOAL.

* * *

AT a time when in most parts of the country people are talking of the necessity of taking steps to protect the game, it is interesting to read that in Massachusetts the necessity lies the other way. With the increase in the number of Massachusetts deer, so great that thousands of dollars are now being annually awarded to farmers for crop damages caused by these animals, the hearts of thousands of Nimrods have been gladdened by the suggestion of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission and other authorities that next year the forests of the Bay State be thrown open for a general deer hunting season.

According to statistics gathered by the State game deputies, four thousand deer were actually observed last year in Massachusetts, while it is estimated that half as many more animals that have not been seen roam at large in the woods and isolated tracts.

So numerous have these animals become in certain sections of Massachusetts that the farmers have been driven to shoot them down in protection against the complete destruction of their crops.

* * *

ACCORDING to a letter from South Africa a move has been started to present R. E. Walker, the Olympic sprinter, with a testimonial, so that he may have something to fall back on in his declining years. In Durban alone the sum of $500 already has been collected and substantial amounts are expected from other quarters. It is the intention of those interested in the project to invest whatever money is collected in an endowment policy to be payable when the sprinter is 30 years of age. So it is better to be an amateur in South Africa than in most countries, even including America, for the best that could be done for him here in the way of remuneration for his athletic prowess is that his club might slip him a few dollars on the quiet in the way of a "bonus." Then he would be lucky if some A. A. U. sleuth didn't get wind of the fact and ask for an itemized statement of the transaction.

However, there is now every indication that Walker will see America some time this coming season, for the American and Canadian championships are included in his itinerary. He is billed to leave home in the first week in May and reach England in time to have a full month's training before the championship there, which is fixed for July 3. Of course, Walker won't leave England for a month or so or at least until well along in August, so he will have plenty opportunity to exhibit himself here and there.

* * *

THE account of an outdoor swimming championship at this season of the year strikes one as being curious and yet the latest Australian newspapers to hand are full of the Australian championships. Those who were present at the London Olympic games last summer no doubt remember Beaurepaire, the young Australian who did so well in all the events in which he started. At home in his native brine the Antipodean did well this time, for he secured no less than four out of six championships and thus retained for Victoria the Kieran memorial shield. Beaurepaire's best work was in the mile, which he covered in 24 minutes 8 seconds, and this is the second best performance ever recorded in the land of the Southern Cross—the best being the world's record of 23 minutes 16 4-5 seconds by the late B. B. Kieran. All the competitors in the mile beat the Australian standard of 28 minutes 30 seconds. In the quarter mile Beaurepaire did 5 minutes 33 seconds. The breast stroke championship of 220 yards was won by E. Finlay, of West Australia, in 3 minutes 17 1-5 seconds. Cecil Healy won the 100 yards. Though his time was not quoted it was hinted that it was very fast.

* * *

THE English national cross-country championship took place this year in a snow-storm and altogether the weather was so bad that the entire team of the Bradford Harriers withdrew after covering about a lap of the course. The location of the race was Haydock Park and the distance ten miles. The entry list was by no means a record breaker, but bad as the day was 164 runners lined up on the starting line and 100 of these finished in good shape. In order to guard against any serious accidents the management of the race ordered a force of ambulances to the outskirts of the course and the emergency doctors kept an eye on the line of competitors. As far as the contest individually went it was the closest and stiffest seen in many years. Over the snowclad course and in the teeth of a blizzard two men fought each other every yard of the journey. They were A. J. Robertson of the Buckfield Harriers, last year's winner, and J. Murphy of the Hallamshire Harriers, winner of this year's Northern Counties championship. Only a few yards separated the pair all over the course and 200 yards from home they had it out. Robertson then had a slight lead, when Murphy worked up to his shoulder, and they raced stride for stride for about 150 yards, when Robertson reeled a little, but Murphy, who is a man of rugged build, kept on and won by fifteen yards. PLAYFAIR.

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DRAMA

ADELINE GENEE
in "The Soul Kiss."

TO be bad in a good play is easy —anybody can do that, even a dramatic critic. To be good in a good play requires ability. But to be good, surpassingly good, in a bad play is surely a great mastery. And that is what Bertha Kalich is doing at the Royal Alexandra in "The Unbroken Road." She is making of a very poor and rickety play a splendid performance—but splendid only as an exhibition of fine acting. She is surrounded by a fine company with very few exceptions, and the result from a purely histrionic point of view is magnificent. But it is a great pity to see such splendid abilities devoted to the presentation of a play for which the word amateurish is high praise.

"The Unbroken Road" is said to be the first dramatic venture of its author, who is described in the advance literature as a "well-known literary man." The first statement one can easily believe with unquestioning faith; but as for the latter one must take the press-agent's word. Of intrinsic evidence in the play that it is the work of a literary man there certainly is not a jot; and indeed it would be difficult to find a piece of work of the kind possessing fewer literary qualities. The dialogue in great part is of an extremely conventional type, and many of the would-be striking things are the merest catch-penny devices with a probably antediluvian origin. The characters, too, are by no means firmly drawn, and some of them, such as the governor's *fiancee*, are decidedly superfluous and hamper the action of the piece. Nor is the action of the kind that requires a drag on its impetuous speed. On the contrary it is quite sufficiently slow at times to make any additional brakes altogether unnecessary.

The plot, though it might at first sound very daring, is really along quite conventional lines in its own class. It would come under the head of the "problem" type, where it is a common occurrence to find ladies who for their country or the man they love or some other such powerful motive are willing to offer themselves in barter. In fact this is a favorite plot-motive with the ingenuous play-makers of France, and has often been developed on the more prudish English stage. But Mr. Dickinson has in this case worked in a few new wrinkles. The heroine instead of offering herself to the man she hates makes the proposal to the man she loves, in return for his assistance to the governor who has befriended her. The sacrifice would have been quite unnecessary had she been willing to proclaim the name of her seducer, the son of the governor's principal opponent. But her delicacy revolted at this, though her seduction was notorious and she hated the author of it. But with all its sins and weaknesses on its head, there are still some strong scenes in the play, and if it were taken in hand by someone who knew something about writing for the stage it might even yet be made something of.

As for Mme. Kalich and most of the members of her company, notably Mr. Eugene Ormonde, there can be nothing but high praise. Her art, in its tremendous emotional power and wonderful skill in the depiction of elemental passion, is already well known to Toronto theatre-goers through her appearance here some time ago in "Marta of the Lowlands." She brings the same genius to the presentation of Eva Fellanova, and she makes of this roughly sketched character a splendid creation, instinct with passion and the fullness of life. She clothes the dry bones with her own exuberant personality, and scenes in themselves of little power are made forever memorable by the expressive beauty of her wonderfully mobile face and the varied tones of her rich voice. And in these scenes she receives every possible assistance from Mr. Eugene Ormonde, who as the Italian political boss Garvony presents a creation of tremendous power. His work is throughout on the very highest plane, and after Mme. Kalich to him is due the greatest share of credit for whatever merit the production possesses. And this merit is sufficient to make the play well worth seeing.

* * *

LULU GLASER, winsome Lulu, is at the Princess, with the same dainty figure and pretty face and pleasant voice and incorrigible vivacity which endeared her to the public in the never-to-be-forgotten Dolly Varden. She has all the old charms; but whether it is because we are growing old, or she is, or because one is apt to glorify the past, they don't seem to have the same piquant appeal. Their witchery is less potent than of yore, and there are even times when one grows just a trifle weary of her familiar explosive giggle. But it may be that the blame is to be laid on the piece, "Mlle. Mischief," which though amusing and tuneful on the whole is in places—well, just a little slow. It is admirably put on, however, and the chorus ladies are unusually pulchritudinous (I love that word), and there is lots of pretty singing and dancing, and Lulu is always Lulu, who can never cease to be popular, and—what's the use of growling anyway?

* * *

FOR an inexhaustible fund of rich unconscious drollery and a delightful imperviousness to any rays of tact or common sense, the Toronto policeman who acts as *censor morum and arbiter elegantiarum* in the matter of billboards is unique even amongst censors. Other censors furnish amusement only occasionally, as the spontaneous fruit of natural stupidity. But our censor—we point with pride—has an unfailing flow of glorious blunders, which can only be the result of art. It isn't in nature to be so persistently and laughably in the wrong. The chorus of popular hilarity at his suppression of poor Billiken has hardly lessened in volume, before he cuts a new and almost equally ridiculous caper by forbidding the posting of one of the bills for Adeline Genee. That there is nothing objectionable in the poster is vouched for by its suppression; but how one could contrive to imagine anything suggestive in this picture of a woman in conventional ballet costume with a shadowy red devil looking over her shoulder is a problem which only the censor himself can solve. An ordinary human being can't help reflecting how painful it must be to have an eye and mind like that—and also how unfortunate it is that a person of such dwarfed and deformed notions of morality should have the power of making the municipal authorities of Toronto cut such a bad figure.

* * *

CONSIDERABLE encouragement is given in this city to amateur dramatics, and that the encouragement is on the whole well deserved was shown at the recent performances by the Dickens Fellowship Players. Five performances were given, two plays being presented. One was "The Cricket on the Hearth," which the company played last year, and the other a new adaptation of "The Old Curiosity Shop." The performances were very creditable, indeed, the stage settings and scenery being quite adequate, while the acting was, as a rule, far above the average for amateurs.

* * *

MISS MARIE DRESSLER has recently been talking an extraordinary lot of common sense to the chorus and show ladies in her forthcoming production of "Philopœna," says The Tatler. "Don't forget, girls," said this big, kindly, clever, woman, "every one of you means something. Don't think that if you just shuffle along that is enough. Use your head in everything you do. If you don't, you had better go out of the business." "I see," she continued, "a number of girls who have nothing more than pretty faces as a qualification for the stage. In three years if they don't marry a butcher and settle down they are dead. They can't live in the business unless they have brains." Which is the best advice we have heard for a long time.

Next Week's Bills.

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Royal Alexandra—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
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(*Concluded on page 18.*)

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MUSIC

THE concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra I consider one of the most remarkable musical achievements I have ever heard. The Beethoven "5th Symphony" holds the same rank in music that "Hamlet" does in the drama, and to hope that a local band, trained by a local conductor, could give so fine a performance of it as we got would have seemed foolish to an outsider, but Mr. Welsman has been inspiring us as well as his players with confidence, and now we know when he says he will do a thing it is virtually accomplished. I have heard many a conductor of riper experience than Mr. Welsman—Victor Herbert, for instance—who failed to realize the meaning of this wonderful score, and, although they had better material at their disposal, their performances lacked the essential quality of sincerity that Mr. Welsman has so abundantly. The score had been read and re-read from every possible point of view, and, whatever the shortcomings of the band—and they were few—we got Beethoven.

From the first the violins have been the strongest section of the orchestra, but now the cellos and violas are coming on apace, as was shown in the beautiful slow movement, and there was a remarkable gain in the reed section, particularly the oboe. The imported horns added a great deal, and the entire brass section was better. The flute is not all we hope it will be, but it also has been bettered.

The "Finlandia" of Sibelius was quite as much of surprise as the "Symphony." Nothing could have been selected, especially nothing modern, that would have fitted so well with Beethoven. It is a work well worth hearing, and should be heard several times, although it pleases even at a first hearing. The themes sound like folksongs, but the composer says that they are his own invention, this being so Sibelius should go far as a composer; having this advantage over most of those who pretend to write, that he can depend upon himself for his material. How a quiet man like Mr. Welsman can get so much fire and enthusiasm passes me. The orchestra played as though it were a band of patriots.

But the most notable thing of the entire programme was the way the accompaniment to the concerto was played. Mischa Elman is a wonderful violinist, and a great artist. At the same time he is a Russian, and young. What he does at rehearsal may not be the same thing that he does at the concert, very likely it is not. Nevertheless, he was never hampered by his accompaniment, and he gave as free an interpretation as one can hope to hear. Through the devotion of the concert master, Mr. Blachford, who got up the concerto and played it at the rehearsals, the players were thoroughly familiar with it, and even at rehearsal Mr. Elman had little to correct. It was masterly.

Elman swept the audience out of the half-reserve one feels at so many Toronto concerts. Perhaps there were enough of the Mendelssohn Choir who had been to Chicago, and had learned what appreciation is, to start the applause. It was the greatest demonstration I have ever seen here, and shows what Toronto can do. There is nothing to say about Elman's playing except in the superlative. He may or may not be the greatest player in the world—that is always a matter of opinion. But he certainly is a wonder. His tone is always beautiful, and, despite the reports that his intonation is occasionally at fault, there were no evidences of it that night. He was recalled time after time, responding with Schubert's "Ave Maria," Gossec's "Gavotte," which brought forth another whirlwind of applause, and the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger." Even after all these he had to bow several times.

I cannot say any more about Mr. Welsman than I have said. He is fully verifying the trust reposed in him. If Toronto does not rally around Mr. Cox and support this wonderful organization that he has done so much to build up, it must forfeit all claims to being a progressive city. Here is something that has grown up quietly and almost independently and has reached a point where it can challenge comparison with the orchestras that come from across the line, and can be put on a sound permanent basis if there is only the right spirit of co-operation shown. It must be done.

Mr. Welsman and Mr. Cox have been ably assisted by Mr. Church and Mr. Stanford, and in praising these we must not forget Dr. Edward Fisher, who first thought of the plan, and Mr. H. J. Bohme, who carried out the details and turned over to his successor a working system. To all of these and the members of the orchestra, particularly such men as Mr. Loudon, Dr. Clarke and Dr. Wagner, the whole Dominion owes more, musically, than it can ever pay.

* * *

The Eames-Gogorza concert drew a fair-sized audience, quite as many as it deserved. I never cared particularly for Mme. Eames, even in her prime. There always was a sort of aloofness from her work as though she were a grande dame condescending to smile upon ordinary mortals for a few moments. She has always been a pleasant picture and she has always worn magnificent gowns; but she has never been a really first-class singer nor a great artiste. She can no more be compared to Jomelli than night to day. She has always forced her chest register to such an extent that there is a husky break, and for some reason she has never seen fit to overcome it.

Gogorza has just the right temperament for the popular concert. One feels that he is so great a dramatic singer that even the conventions of the platform cannot restrain him. This would be a little more convincing if he were not so dependent on his notes. It is hard to convince the knowing that his art is genuine when he is constantly referring to his music. But no one sings the "Figaro" aria better than he. It is in this school that he excels; his sentiment is never convincing.

I enjoyed Mr. Harry C. Whittemore's playing more than anything else, except the "Figaro." He drew from a rather worn piano a most beautiful tone, quite as beautiful as de Pachmann's and fuller, and his technique was clean and sure. The Liszt transcription of Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song" was charmingly played, and Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnole" showed that his sense of rhythm is faultless. What is more remarkable, he gave both singers ample freedom in their too often tricky interpretations. He, La Forge and Van Den Berg are the three notable accompanists that we have had this season.

* * *

In my notice of Miss Johnston's recital I inadvertently omitted the name of her teacher, Mr. W. O. Forsythe. This is a point that I try to be particular about, as the conscientious teacher never gets his just dues; and until a pupil has fully established his personality I feel that the public should know who is responsible for the work accomplished.

* * *

To-night Miss Grace Smith, the English pianiste, gives her first concert here, assisted by Miss Hope Morgan, in Conservatory Hall. While in Montreal I heard so much commendation of Miss Smith's playing that I have been looking forward to hearing her.

* * *

Miss Kate Archer presents her pupil Miss Eleanor Hains at a recital to-night in St. George's Hall, assisted by Miss Flora MacDonald, a pupil of Mr. Welsman, and Miss Charlotte Harris, a soprano who is studying at Westminster College. Miss Archer has won a high place for herself as a teacher of the violin, and any pupil of hers is sure to be worth hearing.

* * *

On Good Friday night Dr. Torrington will give his annual presentation of Gounod's "Redemption." Each rehearsal shows a decided improvement over its predecessor and with the "new blood" that has come under the veteran's baton this season the Festival chorus is better than ever. I do not think that the Doctor will ever grow old, he will merely be transferred to some other sphere of activity. His will be "the glory of going on, and still to be."

* * *

The same evening Mr. G. D. Atkinson's choir of fifty voices will sing Macfarlane's new cantata, "The Message from the Cross." Last year I heard the choir do Gounod's "Gallia" and the work was admirable. Judged for quality I think the Wesley Church choir compares very favorably with the Elgar choir of Hamilton, and from a strictly musicianly standpoint I think it is better. Miss Muriel Millichamp, a charming violiniste, will take part, and Miss Margaret McCoy, of Hamilton, and Mr. Marley Sherris, of Toronto, will be the vocalists. Both of these singers are sterling artists, and with them Mr. Atkinson should give a sacred concert that need not fear comparison with any small choral organization in Canada or the States.

* * *

I have the pleasure of announcing the return to Toronto of a delightful English singer, Mrs. Innes-Taylor, who will give a recital in Conservatory Music Hall on April 14. When I heard her here a few years ago, her fine musicianship and artistic interpretation impressed me. Since then further study and that best of all teachers, Experience, have broadened her art and freed her voice. Her success in New York has been most gratifying, and she is sure of a hearty welcome when she comes here. Miss Caldwell will assist, and Mrs. Blight will accompany Mrs. Innes-Taylor.

* * *

Judging from the recitals I have heard of late, I think that Toronto has quite as high a standard in piano pedagogy as it has in choral music. The three young players whom I have reviewed play as well as any of their age and experience I heard anywhere, and better than most; but I wonder why they cannot be satisfied with a home-made piano. At two of the recitals I heard pianos that have nothing but the reputation of their makers to recommend them. I am not so strong a chauvinist as to urge the use of a Canadian piano if a better can be found; but I do think it absurd to take a battered old war-horse of a foreign-made piano because it has a reputation when a good new home-made piano can be had for the asking. I quite as much resent well-known pianists coming to Toronto and using inferior instruments for commercial reasons; but if we are ever to have a Canadian art atmosphere let us help one another by giving the local people a fair chance.

* * *

This afternoon Mr. Wheeldon will give the first of the two extra recitals he has announced at the Metropolitan Church. His programme will be made up from requests selected from former recitals, to which he will add one or more novelties.

* * *

The afternoon and evening of April 10, Dr. Norman Anderson announces recitals by Gaston Dethier, formerly organist at St. Francis Xavier's Church in New York, which will be given in St. Andrew's Church, corner of King and Simcoe streets. A few years ago I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Dethier in company with Mr. E. H. Lemare, who said that he considered Mr. Dethier one of the best of the young organists that he had heard. He has had to resign his church position because of the demands made upon his time by recitals and pupils, he being the most sought after teacher in New York. The recitals are announced for 3.30 and 8.00.

* * *

On April 15 we are to be favored by a return visit of the Italian Opera Company that made such an artistic impression last fall. It has been touring all over the continent, and everywhere has given the utmost satisfaction. I for one shall be glad to hear them again, particularly Mlle. Strauss, whom I think is a remarkably fine mezzo and a splendid actress. Most of the principals are returning; in fact all those that were liked. The operas to be given are, 15th, "Il Trovatore"; 16th, "Carmen," with Mme. Merola in the title role; 17th, matinee, "Lucia," and evening, "Fedora," which is a novelty here. I hope that the second visit will be more practically appreciated than the first was.

* * *

Marie Hall is to return on the 19th, and on the 22nd Miss Edith Miller and her company will give a concert in Massey Hall. Miss Miller has held a prominent place in London for several years, and is coming out to her native land while she is still at her best.

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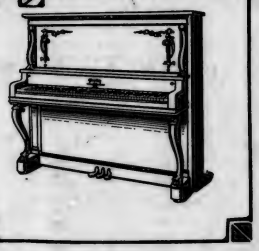

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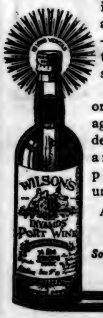

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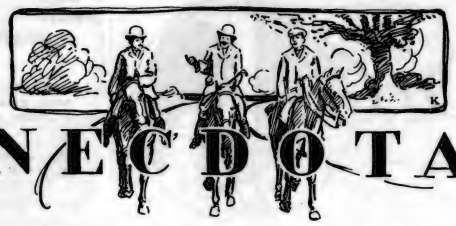

ANECDOTAL

SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM, one of the most famous of Eng-judges, has naturally had many entertaining experiences during his long public career, and some of the most amusing occurred when he was engaged as a political speaker in the days before he took his place on the bench, and when he was plain Mr. Grantham.

On one occasion, while he was delivering an address, a man got up in the audience and shouted out excitedly:

"It's a lie!"

"Thanks," said the future judge.

"It's a lie!" shouted the excited one again.

"You're a gentleman," said Mr. Grantham sarcastically.

"It's a lie!" burst out his opponent again, carried away by his wrath; but the general laughter which arose at his answer recalled him to himself again, and he sat down, discomfited.

* * *

TWO young matrons met downtown the other day, when one, remembering that the last time she had seen her friend was on the occasion of a shopping expedition, asked:

"By the way, Marie, what did your husband think of that three hundred dollar Directoire gown you had sent home that day? I was quite sure he would be crazy about it."

"Well," responded the other matron, "in a way you were right. Tom really did rave about it."

* * *

A RETIRED bachelor, living in the college section of Princeton, finding that he needed a freshly laundered shirt to wear to an approaching banquet, despatched his man with a soiled garment, telling him to leave it at the first laundry he came to.

The servant was a new one, and an Irishman. Consequently, when he returned it occurred to his master to ask him if he would know the place at which he had left the shirt when it came time to go for it.

"Yis," rejoined Patrick; "'tis only a few steps up th' street, sor!"

"But there are no laundries in this vicinity!" declared his master in surprise.

"Beg pardon, sor, but Oi threw th' shirt into a house only four doors up, sor. It had a sign over th' door wid funny letters, an Oi knew it was a Chinese laundry."

"Four doors up the street!" exclaimed his master, suddenly enlightened. "Why, Patrick, you've thrown my shirt in at the door of the Theta Phi chapter house!"

* * *

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in one of his essays, points out that children have no imagination, and that in their play they act things out generally in imitation of their elders. This would seem to be borne out in the following story in dialogue:

Freddie—"Hooray, sis, what do you think? Pa's going to buy an automobile and I'm going to sit in the front seat."

Sis—"So am I."

Freddie—"No, you won't. That front seat is for pa and me only—see?"

Sis—"You've got nothing to say about this automobile. 'T ain't your'n."

Freddie—"It's more mine than your'n, and you'll just have to get in the back seat or stay home."

Sis—"I won't get in the back seat, and I won't stay home."

Freddie (pushing her away)—"See here, now; you just keep out of this automobile."

* * *

A LAWYER tells this story on another lawyer named Ames, who was retained as counsel for a man who stepped in a hole in the street and broke his leg. Suit was brought against the city in the sum of one thousand dollars, and Ames won the case. The city appealed to the Supreme Court, but here also the verdict was in favor of Ames's client.

After settling up the claim, Ames handed his client a silver dollar.

"What is this for?" asked the man.

"That is what is left after taking out my fee, the cost of appeal, and other expenses."

The man regarded the dollar a moment, then looked at Ames.

"What is the matter with this?" he asked. "Is it bad?"

MRS. FISKE, whose knowledge of the New York slums is profound, condemned at a recent dinner the sterile work of a certain charity society.

"In fact," said the noted actress, "this society reminds me very forcibly of a Cincinnati tramp. This Tramp, ragged and forlorn, stood up one cold morning in the police court dock, and the magistrate, frowning at him, said:

"'Profession?'

"'Inventor,' was the reply in a hoarse voice.

"'What have you invented?' asked the magistrate.

"'Nothing," said the prisoner, still more hoarsely, 'but I'm trying to.'"

* * *

A CELEBRATED Anglican divine, the late Bishop of Rochester, who had been ailing for some months, decided to consult Sir Frederick Treves, the noted surgeon. After a careful examination, Sir Frederick pronounced his verdict and added, "Your Lordship must go to Algiers or some winter resort on the Riviera."

"Impossible," replied the Bishop, "quite impossible. I have too much work to get through."

"Well," said the doctor, "you must make your choice. It is either Algiers or heaven."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Bishop, with a sigh. "Then I suppose it must be Algiers."

* * *

FOUR-year-old Barbara went to church with her two sisters and came home crying.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mother.

"He preached a whole s-sermon—about—M-Mary and Martha," sobbed Barbara, "and—never said—a—w-word about me."

* * *

"DID you see the shot fired?" was the question asked of an Irishman called as witness in a trial.

"I did not," was the Celt's response, "but I *heard* it foired."

"The evidence is not satisfactory," sternly announced the presiding magistrate. "Step down."

This legal finding was evidently not precisely to the liking of the Irishman, for no sooner had he left the stand and had turned his back than he gave way to a somewhat derisive laugh. This had the effect of arousing in turn the judge's ire, and he immediately recalled the offender.

"How dare you show such contempt of court?" demanded His Honor. "What do you mean by laughing in that manner?"

"Did Your Honor see me laugh?" asked the Irishman, in a most respectful tone.

"No, but I distinctly heard you laugh," said the magistrate.

A twinkle came into the eye of the witness. "Such evidence is not satisfactory, Your Honor," said he quietly. Whereupon, every one, including the judge, laughed.

* * *

A KENTUCKY girl whose father was an undertaker, was sent to a fashionable New York boarding school for a finishing term. One day one of the girls asked her what business her father was in, and, fearing she would lose caste if she told the truth, she carelessly answered:

"Oh, my father's a Southern planter."

* * *

THE doctors were holding a convention, and in the evening attended a theatre to witness the performance of a comic opera. In the second act the girls, in brilliant, gauzy attire, were posed upon an arch through which the King of Kopunk was to make his triumphal entry.

There was a creak, then the arch went down with a crash, and a rapidly descending curtain showed the girls scattered about the stage in abandonment.

"If there are any physicians in the house," said the frightened stage manager, "will they please come forward? Some of the company are slightly injured."

Only two men responded.

Indignation was quickly appeased, however, when the public learned that one of the doctors who went forward was a bachelor and the other was the only physician in the house unaccompanied by his wife.

A PARTY of actors, all out of work, were having a little drinking party in one of their rooms at the boarding house. They had expended the combined wealth of the crowd and were yet thirsty. A brilliant idea came to one of them—a very popular comedian, well known everywhere and well liked.

He borrowed an empty suitcase from one of the crowd, put on his hat and coat and told them to wait.

Hastening to a certain popular resort, he greeted the barkeep like this:

"Good-by, Timmy. I'm off for a three months' trip."

"Sorry you're going. Can you find room in your grip for a bottle to console you on your way?"

"I'll try to," said the actor man as he stowed a quart into the empty valise.

He went the rounds of a number of places, bidding them all a sad farewell, until he had the suitcase filled with quarts, after which he returned with joy to his companions, who wondered how he did it.

* * *

THERE is a certain professor who never fails to express his vexation when he has a student call the zero of mathematics nothing. One of the students, Morgenthaler by name, would almost invariably read an equation like this, $x + y = o$, as follows: "X plus y equals nothing."

One day the professor entirely lost his patience.

"See here, Morgenthaler, let me show you the difference between zero and nothing."

With this, Dr. Howe wrote a big o on the blackboard.

"This," he said, "is zero." Then, erasing the o, he added: "And this is nothing."

* * *

DURING the encampment of several regiments of British soldiers in a certain district the wood and turf used for cooking purposes were carted by the neighboring farmers. One day a donkey-cart full of turf was brought in, the driver being a country lad. As a regimental band was playing, he stood in front of the donkey and held the animal tightly by the head. Some of the "smart ones" gathered round, highly pleased, and the wit of the party asked why he "held his brother so tightly."

The reply was crushing: "I'm afraid he might enlist."

* * *

HORACE BIXEY, the doyen of Mississippi pilots, is still at the wheel at eighty-two, and tells this story as a temperance argument:

"Once, I remember, a passenger of ours fell overboard. We fished him out with a boat-hook after he had been soaking on the bottom half an hour or so. We laid him limp and sopping on the deck, and a steward ran for the whisky bottle. As I pried the man's mouth open to pour some whisky down his throat, his lips moved. A kind of murmur came from them. I put my ear down close to listen, and I heard the half-drowned wretch say:

'Roll me on a bar'l fust to git some o' this water out. It'll weaken the licker.'"

* * *

THE negro preacher was annoyed because he had to preach the funeral sermon of Bunter Nelson, a wicked black man who bore a bad reputation with every one. In fact, there was not one good thing that could be said in favor of Bunter. His folk were Baptists, but the preacher of that denomination refused to even attend his funeral. Finally, the Methodist minister was induced to preach the funeral sermon.

"We are here," he said, "to attend the funeral of one whom we hope is where we all think he ain't."

* * *

ONCE when Moltke heard himself compared to Caesar, Turenne, Marlborough, Wellington, and others, he remarked:

"No, I have no right to rank with such great captains, for I have never commanded a retreat"—which at the same time conveyed a subtle compliment to himself.

Bismarck was equally subtle when he was asked whom he thought to have been the ablest plenipotentiary at the Congress of Berlin. "I don't know about the ablest," he replied with a grim smile, "but the next ablest was certainly Lord Beaconsfield."

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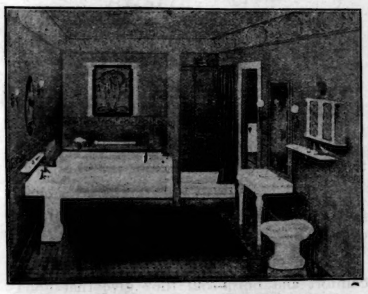

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Society at the Capital

TEAS and "bridges" galore, interspersed with several particularly smart dinners, two or three bright luncheons, the whole finishing up with a jolly dance, constituted the offerings of last week's social round.

Of the first named variety of gathering the largest was at Mrs. Fieldings on Wednesday, when besides a goodly number of the hostess's Ottawa friends, a great many sessional visitors met at this particularly successful reception. Mrs. Norman Guthrie and Mrs. Frank Grierson presided over the tea and coffee urns in the dining-room, where crimson carnations made a brilliant table decoration. Miss Kingsford and Miss Fitzpatrick were kept busy at a smaller table in the drawing-room handing out ices, the decorations here being done in pink carnations and pink shaded candelabra. Miss Fielding received with her mother, and the Misses Flossie and Edith Fielding, together with a group of pretty girls including Miss Dorothy White, Miss Norah Gwynné, of Toronto, Miss Marjorie MacKeen, of Halifax, Miss Gladys Hanbury-Williams, Miss Katherine Moore and Miss Claire Oliver, made very attentive assistants.

A combined tea and bridge party at the Golf Club on the same afternoon given by joint hostesses, Miss Laura Smith and her guest, Miss Gladys Grant, of Montreal—attracted quite a throng of guests in spite of the inclement weather, but they were amply repaid for their defiance of the elements. Prizes were won by Mrs. Charles Harriss, Mrs. Molson Crawford, and Miss Edith Powell. Later in the afternoon, when a second contingent of guests joined the players Mrs. G. F. O'Halloran, assisted Miss Laura Smith in the dining-room, when, as usual at this attractive resort, log fires burned cheerily in the large open hearth, and daffodils with narcissi, arranged in a silver loving-cup surrounded with smaller vases of the same, made a very attractive table decoration.

Those who entertained at dinners were Hon. Sydney Fisher, whose guests on Wednesday evening were several of his colleagues in the House of Commons; Mrs. R. L. Borden, who also entertained a number of members of Parliament on Thursday; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Newcombe, whose guests on Wednesday numbered twelve, and Hon. W. S. and Mrs. Fielding, who chose Saturady.

On Friday, about fifty young people met at the Golf Club, in response to an invitation from twenty-five of the younger bachelors, and a dance was much enjoyed and appreciated after a long dearth of such gay events. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gill chaperoned the party, who went and returned by special cars.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 29, 1909.

APRIL FOOL.

(*Continued from page 9.*)

prancing about in the pathway leading to the house. It was almost too dark to distinguish anything, but Snipesy's instinct told him that it was Soapy and he thirsted for vengeance. He burned to wipe out at one fell swoop the double wrong of his words in the afternoon and this raid tonight.

Soapy was executing a war-dance which for wild abandon had the Indian variety badly beaten. And between steps he let out blood-curdling groans, suggestive of a frenzied cow in her last agony. Snipesy hit him like a stone from a catapult in the midst of a particularly complicated movement, and they both went to the ground together, with Snipesy on top.

Soapy, taken completely by surprise, and altogether ignorant of the nature of this energetic assailant who pummelled him so unmercifully, gave yell after yell in his terror. His confederates heard it and were stricken.

"Cheese it! Cheese it! Dey're after us!" they shouted and went scampering off like a herd of wild ponies.

Soapy deserted by his friends fought with all the courage of despair. He tugged and panted and kicked and scratched, and being the older and stronger of the two gradually got the upper hand. But he was too frightened to think of taking advantage of his opportunity. His only desire was to get away. And this he finally did in spite of the efforts of his adversary who clung to him like a leech. One last jerk and he was free and had disappeared into the darkness, leaving Snipesy breathless and battered on the ground.

The youngster lay there rubbing his gravel-bruised face against his sleeve and fighting furiously for his breath.

"What are you doing there, boy?"

He recognized the voice as Mr. Carlton's, but kept his face obstinately hidden in his sleeve. Then he was gently but firmly turned over on his back, and he blinked up into the light of a small lamp which Mr. Carlton held in his hand. It was certainly a grimy and disheveled specimen that the light disclosed. His clothes were covered with mud and gravel and torn in a dozen places. His hair was filled with gravel where his head had been rubbed on the path, until the mingled hair and pulverized rock suggested a kind of rough mortar. And his features were variously swollen as a result of Soapy's frenzied efforts.

"Who are you?" gasped the old man in astonishment at this rueful object.

"Snipesy."

"Snipesy! My, what an extraordinary name! Have you any other name?"

"Aw, me name's Freddie Moran, but dey allus calls me Snipesy—'cause de school teacher called me a snipe one day."

"But what are you doing here in that condition? And what was all that noise I heard?"

"Dat was de gang. I told 'em not to come. But Soapy brought 'em and dey made a noise like a lot of cows. So I tackled Soapy an' we had a scrap."

"Oh, I see, and that is why you are all battered this way. He must have given you a terrible beating."

"Naw, he didn't do no such t'ing. Dem scratches don't count. And you ought to see him. Gee, I made him run!"

Snipesy slowly scrambled to his feet and started to limp off, but the old man stopped him.

"But what made you do it?" he asked.

"Do what?" said Snipesy sullenly.

"Why, try to stop them, of course."

"Well, I didn't want 'em to—dat's all!"

"But why didn't you want 'em to?" persisted the old man.

"'Cause—'cause you giv me de flowers dat day you caught me tryin' to swipe dem, and I didn't want 'em to bust yer bushes." Snipesy was half blubbering in the ardor of his feelings.

"Oh, yes, yes, I remember you now. But you must come into the house—you must come in and get cleaned up."

A minute later Mr. Carlton's sister, who kept house for him, gave a cry of surprise as Snipesy was ushered in. But a few explanations made it all clear to her and she fell to work on him with all the energy of an order-loving old maid. In spite of his bashful resistance it was only a matter of moments before he was stripped to the buff and plopped into a bath. He took it all philosophically as part of the necessary evils of life, and started to enjoy the warm water, when suddenly he remembered his mother.

"Oh, gee, I got to go home to me mudder," he cried, running out of the bathroom, clad in a towel which he waved frantically.

"But you can't," said Mr. Carlton.

"And you won't ," said his sister. "You can't leave this house to-night, mother or no mother."

Snipesy prayed and beseeched and explained. It was finally all made clear. And then while his kind old host went off to explain matters to his mother, Snipesy was put to bed. This was usually regarded by him as somewhat of an affliction. But this time there were compensations. Swathed in an enormous night-shirt which was wrapped around him like the toga of a Roman senator, he sat up with his back to the piled up pillows and gave delighted attention to the bountiful tray on his knees. Miss Carlton in the generosity of her heart and the excitement of her feelings had filled it with hot lemonade and cake. The hot lemonade was intended to prevent Snipesy catching cold, and the cake as an inducement to him to drink it. He took both.

Between bites—and sometimes, it must be confessed, with his mouth full—he told a glorified story of his adventures. His own favorite hero, Diamond Dick, had never gone through more deadly peril or shown greater daring and resource. But all good things must come to an end, including hot lemonade and cake and the story of one's exploits. And so after washing down the last crumb of cake with the last drop of lemonade, Snipesy laid him down to his well earned rest. But before he closed his eyes he mumbled one final reflection—the summing up of the day's thrilling events.

"Gee!" he said, "but dis certainly was a great April Fool!"

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To be beautiful you must keep a soft, smooth, clear skin, and to have such a skin is to be beautiful. The ideal complexion preparation is
CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM
It has been used by beautiful women for 25 years. It cures chapped hands, sore lips and facial blemishes, and cures the roughness of the skin caused by cold and wind.
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Men—women—children
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allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

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The 1900 Motor Washers are now at work in thousands of homes. They are doing the work formerly done by women, at a cost of 2 cents a week for power! Saving thousands upon thousands of dollars in wash bills. Saving worlds of wash-day troubles. Leaving the women free to do other work while the machines are doing the washing.

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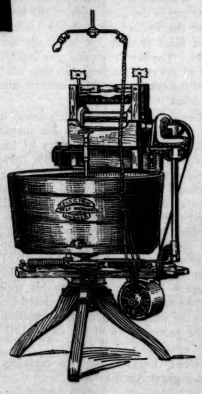
The above offer is not good in Toronto or suburbs—special arrangements are made for this district. (1508)



Music Notes

THE annual meeting of the committee of the Mendelssohn Choir was held at the National Club on Saturday evening last when reports of the various executive officers were presented. The election of officers for the coming season was held and plans were discussed concerning next season's work. Much to the regret of all present, Mr. W. H. Elliott, who for nine years past has been the successful and efficient president of the Society, resigned his position as a member of the committee and chorus. Mr. G. H. Parkes was elected to the position left vacant by Mr. Elliott, no other changes being made in the personnel of the executive. The conductor outlined his plans for the coming year and the enthusiastic manner in which his programme announcements were received promises well for a season of aggressive work and artistic achievement. The local concerts of 1910 will be held in Massey Hall on January 31, February 1, 2 and 3, the intention being to give four evening concerts, and in order further to enhance the educational significance of the series, it is proposed on the afternoon of February 3 to give an orchestral matinee with the assistance of a solo artist of world wide repute. The superb Theodore Thomas Orchestra under Mr. Frederick Stock, have again been engaged for the entire series of concerts. The evenings of February 2 and 3 will, it is intended, be devoted to Pierne's magnificent dramatic legend "The Children's Crusade," a work which has created the greatest sensation wherever heard.

The reorganization of the chorus of the Mendelssohn Choir for next season will be taken up by the conductor during the latter part of April and the month of May. The repertoire will require in one of the larger works, Pierne's "Children's Crusade," the usual adult choir and a special chorus of children, the latter numbering at least two hundred voices. Applications for admission to the adult choir must be made in writing to the Secretary, Mr. T. A. Reed, 319 Markham street, before April 17 next, and for admission to the children's chorus by April 24. Applicants for the adult choir will kindly state which of the eight parts of the choir they wish to qualify for. Applicants for the children's choir will be required to give particulars as to experience, age, etc., and whether sopranos or altos. Further particulars as to the examination and general conditions as to membership will be forwarded on written application to the Secretary. Dr. Vogt has chosen as assistant conductor in the training of the children's choir, Mr. A. L. E. Davies, who has been associated with him in choir work for the past eighteen years. In the selection of voices for the children's chorus, Dr. Vogt will be assisted by Mr. A. T. Cringan, whose long and valuable experience in the training of children will insure the selection of the best available voices. MELOS.

(*Continued from page 14.*)

ing that for once it really applies. She is beyond question the world's greatest living dancer, the various brands of Salomes not being excluded, and her coming to the Princess next week in "The Soul Kiss" is an important event for all local lovers of the light fantastic.

"The Soul Kiss" is a musical comedy in two acts and ten scenes. It is by Harry B. Smith and Maurice Levi. The company numbers one hundred members, and includes Ralph Herz, Barney Bernard, Vera Michelena, John B. Park, Stella Tracey, Lee Harrison, and Mortimer Weldon, besides a large chorus.

* * *

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," one of the most successful of all book-plays, will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra next week. The play has enjoyed an extraordinary popularity, not only in America, but also in England, and even in South Africa and Australia. In fact the company which will play it in this city next week has just returned from an Australian tour, on which they are said to have been very successful. The company includes Blanche Chapman, Helen Lowell, Lottie Alter, and John Webber. This is the second visit of Mrs. Wiggs to Toronto.

BLANCH CHAPMAN AS "MRS. WIGGS."

* * *

"At the Country Club," Lasky's latest "girl act," will head the bill at Shea's next week. Other items on the bill are: Juggling Delisle; Trovollo, the ventriloquist; Carter and Bluford in "The Act Beautiful"; Charles Kenna, "the street fakir"; the Dunedin Troupe of Bicyclists; and George Whiting, assisted by the Clark Sisters.

* * *

"The Behman Show and Frank D. Bryan's Congress of American Girls" is the rather lengthy title of the production which will be offered for the entertainment of Gayety patrons next week. The advance agent lays stress on the fact that everything about the show is new, with a strong accent on costumes and scenery. W. J. Cale, formerly of "Rogers Brothers in Ireland," is the principal comedian.

The purity, flavor and strength of "Salada" Tea make it incomparably the best value on the market. It is infinitely more delicious and decidedly more economical than other teas.

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Via Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

$33 for one way ticket from Chicago to Seattle, Tacoma or Spokane, Wash., Portland, Ore., Victoria or Vancouver, B.C., San Francisco or Los Angeles, California, and many other points on the Pacific Coast. Tickets on sale March 1 to April 30. $7 for double berth in tourist sleeper from Chicago. Complete information about routes and train service free on request. A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 8 King street east, Toronto.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

BERTRAM—On Thursday, March 18, 1909, at 144 Walmer road, to Mr. and Mrs. Melville Bertram, a daughter.

HAMILTON—At Listowel, Ontario, on March 29, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cecil Hamilton, a son.

SHAW—At 50 La Plaza Apartments, Toronto, on March 30, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Shaw, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

SMITH-OSTERHOUT — On Wednesday, March 31, 1909, at Toronto, Frank C. Smith, to Mabel Aileen Osterhout.

PANTAZZI-GREENING—On March 27, 1909, at the British Embassy, Paris, Ethel Sharp, eldest daughter of Thomas B. Greening, Toronto, to Lt.-Commander Basile Jean Pantazzi, R.R.N., Bucharest, Roumania.

DEATHS

HODGETTS—At North Toronto, on Wednesday, the 31st March, 1909, Elizabeth B. Salter (late of St. John's, Newfoundland), wife of Charles A. Hodgetts, M. D.

TEEFY—At Richmond Hill, on March 30th, 1909, Betsy F. Clarkson, wife of Matthew Teefy, Esq., in the 84th year of her age.

BRODIE—On the 28th of March, 1909, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. John Stirling, 38 St. Matthew street, Montreal, Christina, widow of the late Hugh Brodie, M.P., and eldest daughter of the late Peter Christie, Meaford.

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if you have your clothes made by a tailor of recognized supremacy.

Let us show you the assortment of exclusive suit lengths which have recently arrived from over the sea.

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95 KING STREET WEST

Canadian Wheat Best

Among cereals that are commonly used for human food, such as rice, corn, oats, barley, etc., there are none to compare with the whole wheat. Canadian wheat thoroughly cooked and taken with milk is a perfect food for the human system. Bread and milk make a good food, but usually bread is not cooked enough to get the best results. By chemical analysis there is found a great difference between the bread crumb and bread crust. Owing to the action of heat the bread crust contains about one-third less moisture than the crumb; six times more fat; 40 per cent. more proteid; twice the quantity of soluble matter; 60 per cent. more maltose and three times more dextrine, all due to heat action.

Orange Meat (which contains the whole wheat) is so prepared that every ounce will be affected like the bread crust. No kitchen with ordinary apparatus can produce this effect.

To persistent users of Orange Meat a large reward is offered. See their private postcard enclosed in every package of Orange Meat detailing particulars of how to win a cash prize of seven hundred dollars or a life annuity of fifty-two dollars.

If you enter this contest, send post card to Orange Meat, Kingston, giving full name and address, and mention the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

For Easter Buy PERRIN GLOVES

They give the finishing touch of beauty to the hand and of elegance to the dress.

PERRIN GLOVES are the very best gloves you can buy for any special or ordinary occasion.

Not only do they excel in style, fit, comfort and finish but they give that good wear which makes them most economical.

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All sizes for men, women and children. Look carefully for the Perrin Trademark.

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Why attempt musical expression with a mechanical device that looks like a piano, but is really something else?

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While other pianos have been commercialized, it is the peculiar merit of the Steinway Piano that its art tradition has always been nurtured and maintained as a possession beyond price. Your Steinway is more than a piano—it is an Art Work of the first excellence.

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Pianos of all makes taken in exchange. Time payments if desired. Also pianos for rent.

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Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Martell's THREE STAR BRANDY

Lady Gay's Column

THAT truth is stranger than fiction is a fact forced upon many an observant wayfarer on life's highway. But the strangest of all experiences is when fiction is reproduced in fact, as has recently been the case several times in our midst. The other day a man was arrested and held for a sort of get-rich-quick enterprise which closely followed the lines of one of the famous (or infamous) Rufus Wallingford's schemes, so much so that when reading the details of the swindle one seemed to know beforehand what was coming next. The difference was painfully evident in the finish, "quick Canadian justice," as they call it with a malevolent shudder in the States, pounced on the fake promoter and put him where he won't float bogus enterprises for some time. In the story book life isn't often truly depicted, and that's why people enjoy the story. They get the real thing *ad nauseum*, and turn to the story book for relief. It takes a very, very great writer to stick to actual fact, condition and situation and write a story the world will read. In the storied career of Rufus Wallingford, he selected his victims, got their cash, pocketed little fortunes out of all sorts of plausible, clever, funny frauds, and never got the worst of it to any great extent. It sounded as if the gentleman from Buffalo who met his Waterloo here last week fancied his scheme couldn't go wrong either, but it did and it will, except you "find it in a story book." Story books are responsible for a good many foolish actions. The half-baked actress with some small good looks reads of the millionares who married Posie and Mable and Suzette, and tries to fit her shoulders into a like garment of success. The small boy starts out on a brigand's career, steals an old pistol, goes hungry a while and concludes his career without being locked up, if he has luck not so in the story book. There boy-brigands make the world quail, and annex wealth and beauty galore. You and I and the other fellow aren't story book folks.

"Did she promise?" asked the quiet woman of a fussy doubter; "Then she's sure to do it." It was a great character to earn, I thought, that of never breaking a promise; it presupposed judgment, wisdom, strength, responsibility, self-respect, all such sort of things, and the woman climbed to a high niche in my Temple of Fame. "I promised, had to, to get rid of him," said another woman, with a shrug. "Something will turn up, if not I'll think of some excuse not to go." I couldn't help thinking that the other type of woman would have gotten rid of him some other way. But you know there are different women enough in this funny old world to keep one busy with labels and a paste-brush, from early morn to dewy eve. One admires and relies on some of them, but one loves and pets those others, promise-breakers, latecomers, forgetters, elusive, fibbing, fascinating shes.

"Give me a Salvation Army cocktail!" sighed the man who has kept his new year resolution. Very respectfully I begged to be made wise as to the new concoction, which sounded weird. "What is it?" he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "A glass of milk with a prune in it!" which led on to the German cocktail, a glass of beer with a dead fly in it, and various cocktails of other nationalities, until no one felt in the least like taking anything.

"How did you like Eames and Gogorza?" was asked of a fashionable woman after the concert on Monday night. "Very well, but I am a little tired of them," she said in a superior tone. "O, do you often go to New York in opera season?" "No, but we've got all their best things on our gramophone," said the blasie one, conclusively.

Some one has sent me a very sweet and dainty little song, "When I think of Violets," by J. Nevin Doyle, which I am sure many of my readers would find singable and likable. A certain Violet sings it to me, and I find it just what the doctor ordered.

LADY GAY.

ST. CATHARINES SPRINGS.

Spend an Easter vacation near home. Try the tonic effect of baths in the Saline waters of "The St. Catharines Well." At "The Welland" will be found all comforts of a modern hotel together with a most restful environment. Apply G. T. Ry. Office, or address direct.

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It entertains you with a song well sung, a piece well played, an amusing dialogue, or any of the other things of which the Edison Phonograph is so easily capable.

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Go and hear the Edison Phonograph today, and be sure to ask to hear

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which are Records that play twice as long as the old Records, and a great deal better.

There is an Edison dealer near you who will be glad to show you the Phonograph and enable you to hear it.

FREE. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalogue of Edison Phonographs, also catalogue containing complete lists of Edison Records, old and new.

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143 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
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No two Oriental Rugs are exactly alike, so it is difficult for one one dealer to say his price on a certain rug is cheaper than a competitor's. But this is true, and anyone with any experience knows it, that the ability to give good value in

ORIENTAL RUGS

depends upon the ability to buy to advantage in the native markets. It is in this particular that this firm surpasses any other rug dealers in this country. We have special expert agents at work all the time in the Orient picking up bargains and fine specimens for us. In this way we buy very much cheaper than others can, besides getting the price consideration that goes to buyers who purchase in such large quantities as we do. To those who anticipate a rug purchase this spring we say—

BUY YOUR RUGS HERE AND NOW

We have brought in very large shipments this spring, and invite the public to see and admire our beautiful collection. Prices are guaranteed lower than equal value can be purchased for anywhere else.

Send for copy of our illustrated booklet, "Oriental Rugs."

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SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)

Sole Makers M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.

It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

H. H. FUDGER, President. THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED SATURDAY, APRIL 3. THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED J. WOOD, Manager.

On the Notable Occasion of the Completion of Our New Department of Outer Wear for Women and Girls.

FROM Yonge to James Street a boulevarded avenue of fashion!

And at every recessed area by the way—a sale of fashionable spring garments at a fraction of their worth at cost!

Thus we open our remarkable Salon of Costumes on the third floor, Saturday, April 3. The programme is arranged as follows:

1. A Sale of $17.50 to $35.00 Suits at $15.00
2. A Sale of English Worsted Suits at 10.95
3. A Sale of $14.00 Covert Coats at 6.95
4. A Sale of $2.00 to $4.00 Wash Skirts at 1.50
5. A Sale of $6.50 to $15.00 Skirts at 5.95
6. A Sale of Wash Dresses, Coats and Suits at.. 3.95
7. A Sale of Girls' $4.00 to $6.00 Spring Coats at 2.95
8. A Sale of Girls' $3.75 to $6.50 Tub Dresses at 2.95
9. A Sale of $1.00 to $2.00 Wash Waists at 0.49
10. A Sale of $1.25 to $3.00 Wash Waists at 0.98
11. A Sale of $1.25 to $3.50 "Stuff" Waists at 0.98
12. A Sale of $6.50 to $15.00 Kimonos at 4.95
13. A Sale of Silk Moirette Petticoats at 1.95

IN every one of these twelve instances special preparation has been made, and a story of good fortune or successful merchandizing underlies each number in the series. We have either saved each of these attractions or specially secured it for this opening occasion.

Need we remind you that it is really spring, and that Easter is just one week away?

Need we question that you are anxious to get a great many other things just now and that opportunities of this kind just at this season, saving as large a proportion of expense as they do will prove delightfully welcome? We know that if you realized the scale upon which preparations have been made you would whole-heartedly accept our invitation to this Opening Demonstration on the third floor on Saturday.

As you will notice quantities in every case are large. There is plenty of everything—hundreds of suits and coats, thousands of waists. The whole magnificent new department throws its effort into this thirteen-fold event. You will witness a scene here on Saturday unparalleled or approached in the history or traditions of the store.

NOW FOR DETAILS:

No. 1.

A Sale of Spring Suits for Ladies and Misses

The usual prices for these suits range $17.50, $19.50, $20.00, $22.50, $25.00, $29 50, $35.00.

The materials include English worsted Panamas, both plain and hairlined, English Chevron serges and French Venetians.

Lined with satins, taffeta silks, silk serge and brocades.

Colors—navy, Copenhagen, grey, green, brown, taupe, smoke and black.

Both plain tailored and trimmed styles—only 1, 2 or 3 of each—in the different cloths.

Nearly every size except the "out" sizes.

Saturday ..... $15.00 each.

No. 2.

A Sale of English Worsted Suits at $10.95

Genuine imported worsted, tailored in three distinct styles after successful New York models.

Mannish effects—brown, myrtle, taupe, admiral, navy and grey.

Saturday $10.95

No. 3.

A Sale of $14.00 *Covert Coats at* $6.95

New coats, English covert, striped.

Tones of light and dark fawn.

¾ length, semi-fitting, made in the new cutaway styles with deep side vents and fancy pockets.

Finished with self-covered buttons.

Saturday ..... $6.95.

No. 4.

A Sale of $2 *to* $4 *Wash Skirts at* $1.50

Values $2 00, $2.50, $3.00, and $4.00.

Made of fine Repps, linen and lawn. Some plain, some trimmed with folds, or strippings, or embroideries, or laces. All this season's styles. White only.

Saturday ..... $1.50.

No. 5.

A Sale of $6.50 *to* $15 *Skirts at* $5.95

High grade Separate Skirts of wove voile, black satin, English Panama, serges, satin cloths, and French Venetian.

Colors—brown, green, tan, navy, but not every color in each material. Only 1, 2 and 3 of a kind. Trimmed in a variety of the new styles. Regular prices, $6.50, $7 50, $9.00, $10.00, $12.50, and $15.00.

Saturday ..... $5.95.

No. 6.

A Sale of Wash Dresses, Coats and Suits at $3.95

Values chiefly $6.50 to $10.00, with one or two for first arrivals worth $18.50 to $25.00.

Dresses, French mull, fancy muslin, batiste and lawn. Pink, white, sky, black, mauve, brown and lavender—Princess or dainty 2-piece styles—trimmed with fine laces or embroideries and medallions, etc.

Separate coats and suits are of good English Repp and linen, plain tailored, white, blue, and pink in different shades—1, 2 and 3 of a style or color.

Saturday ..... $3.95.

No. 7.

A Sale of Girls' $4, $5, $6 *Coats at* $2.95

600 of them.

Spring reefers, chiefly for ages 6, 8 and 12 years, but all ages, 4 to 16, for first comers.

Fine materials—French cashmere, in light grey stripes and checks, and black stripes on cream; light checked English worsteds; fine tweeds in light and mid-grey checks and over-checks; French venetians, brown, black and indigo; serges in black and navy; French venetians in navy and brown.

Collars of plain self or velvet; fancy buttons.

Not every serge in every material or color, but you'd hardly expect that in such a varied lot.

Saturday ..... $2.95.

No. 8.

A Sale of Girls' $3.75 *to* $6.50 *Tub Dresses at* $2.95

300 samples; new spring styles; for ages 10 and 12 years only.

Plain and embroidered lawn; white sky, and pink silks; white sky and pink mull, pink and sky dotted muslins; white linen sailor dresses, poplin jumpers, etc., etc.

All daintily trimmed.

Saturday ..... $2.95.

No. 9.

A Sale of $1 *to* $2 *Wash Waists at* 49c.

1,000 of these.

Materials are lawns and muslins, trimmed elaborately with embroidery and lace, including both black and white embroidered lawns. Also tailored waists of lawn striped prints, spotted prints, striped gingham and fancy prints in either white, navy, black and colors; white linen or fancy collars.

All sizes at first, but mostly 34, 36, and 38. Regular prices were $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, and $2.00.

Saturday ..... 49c.

No. 10.

A Sale of $1.25 *to* $3 *Wash Waists at* 98c

3,000 in the lot!

Regular values range $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00.

Swiss lawn, Persian lawn, mulls, batistes and linens.

Some beautifully trimmed with fine embroideries and lace; also tailored styles, in lawns, ginghams, and chambrays, striped, spotted and plain.

White, pink, sky, navy and black. Hundreds and hundreds of styles; all sizes.

The biggest and finest collection of samples and oddments we have ever offered.

Saturday ..... 98c.

No. 11.

A Sale of $1.25 *to* $3.50 *"Stuff" Waists at* 98c

500 altogether.

Delaines, cashmeres, crepes, lustres, heavy mercerized satins, and velours and flannels.

Plain tailored or embroidered or elaborately trimmed.

Black, black and white, cream, navy, cardinal, reseda, brown and fancy colorings and designs.

Regular prices $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, and $3.50.

Saturday ..... 98c.

No. 12.

A Sale of $6.50 *to* $15 *Kimonos at* $4.95

Silk kimonos from New York.

Oriental, Russian and Jap designs from New York.

Some have shirred yokes and shoulders, others tucked.

Kimono or close-fitting Dutch necks.

Sleeves long, short, large or wide, some shirred.

Trimmed fronts and sleeves; Persian on plain or spotted satin.

All colors and black and white.

Saturday ..... $4.95.

No. 13.

A Sale of Silk Moirette Petticoats at $1.95

Values up to $5.00

Imported silk moirette with satin stripes.

Deep flounces, vertical tucking, gathered strappings and stitchings, well cut and well finished.

Various colors and black and white stripes.

Saturday $1.95

PLEASE NOTICE—We cannot fill mail or telephone orders for these goods.
Everything goes on sale at 8 o'clock Saturday morning without reserve.
Cloak Department, 3rd floor, April 3, 1909.